

14  
THE  
CONQUEST  
OF  
CHINA,

By the Tartars.  
A TRAGEDY

Acted at the DUKE's THEATRE.

Written by *Elkanah Settle*, Servant to His  
MAJESTY.

— *Multum sudet frustraue laboret  
Ausus idem, tantum series juncturaue pollet.* Hor.

L O N D O N,  
Printed by T. M. for W. Cademan, at the Popes-Head  
in the Lower-Walk of the New-Exchange, in the Strand, 1676.

By the Authors.  
A TRAGEDY

As performed at the Theatre.  
Written by Elkanah Settle, Serjeant at Law.  
M. A. L. S. Y.

————  
Printed by J. Sturges, at the Theatre.

LONDON.  
Printed by T. A. for W. Chiswell, at the Theatre.  
The Lane Hall of the New Exchange, in the Strand, 1696.

TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
THE LORD  
Castle - Rizing.

My Lord,



Though the Presentation of a Play is the usual Return of Poets for Favours from Persons of Quality; and Custom has as good as rendred it Current Payment, since their Patrons expect no other from them: Yet had I the common Vanity of our Tribe, to believe such a Tribute satisfactory, I should want the Confidence to think it so here. 'Tis true, such a trifle as a Play, were it Excellent in its Kind, like the Crow that was presented Cæsar, might be acceptable. But this Poem wants that Perfection to make it so. For, to deviate from the general Style of my Brethren, without imputing its ill success to Malice, I acknowledge it Faulty. However, though it be so, I venture to persecute your Lordship with it: For, indeed Impudence in Poets, is a Frailty that

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

most of us cannot Resist. Yet my Lord, as I know You are sensible, that those Sins are most Pardonable, where the Temptations are most Powerful; my Presumption in this Dedication has some Excuse. For whilst I devote it here, the experienced Goodness I have already met with in Your Noble Family, animates my Boldness; for I have sinn'd There before, and have been Forgiven. Nor are my hopes of Pardon my only Encouragement; when I lay it at Your Feet, I consider I give Your Lordship an Occasion of practising that Patience which Your growing Greatness promises will be often exercised by the Applications of Poetry. The Pens of Poets will be continually employed in so fair a subject, as That Virtue & Greatness equally Illustrious, of which Your Lordships Birth and Merit has has so large a Prospect: But since the Glory of Your Renown'd Ancestry is so well known already, that it needs no Oratour; my Design, in this Address, is not of publishing Your Honour, but my Pride, in being

Your Lordships

Most humble, most obliged, and  
most obedient Servant

E. Settle.



# PROLOGUE.

**W**hen your Fore-Fathers did our Judges sit,  
And Spight and Malice, were not counted Wit;  
Mens Appetites lay quite a different Way;  
They came t' a Play- House then, to like a Play :

They came to meet Diversion from the Stage :

But, 'tis not that, that brings you here this Age.

Since Custom 'mongst the Gallants of the Pit,

Has made Confedracy the Badg of Wit;

That Mode of Liking Plays is as much out,

As 'tis to go to Church to be Devout.

Fancy, and Wit, can no more please you here,

Than Faith, and Reason, can Convert you There.

Incorrigible, you resolve, you'l be;

And Prayers have no more Pow'r than Poetry.

And faith, to make Comparisons in both Cases,

Much the same Business brings you to both Places :

'Tis not the Plays invite you, nor the Poet;

Good Company, and Assignations do it.

And so you come top to a Pulpit Treat,

To like the Guests, more then the Fare you meet.

And Gad, I think, the Cause is much at one,

Why you the Poet, as the Priests run down.

In a Smart Prologue, or Satyrick Play,

He tells you of your Sins, as well as They.

But since you're Desperate, and you defy us

To make you Kind, and them to make you Pious :

For, your Lost State, which will be best, to pray

In th' Huffing Authors, or Mild Parsons way;

And cry with this, have Mercy on you Heav'n,

Grant you more Grace, and be your Sins forgiv'n :

Or else with th' other, in an angry stile;

Death cannot Wit, nor Sense deserve a Smile ?

If no good usage, cost, nor pains can make ye

Less spightful, and more kind, the Devil take ye.

Epilogue

# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Lee.

WELL, a Romantick, and a Slaught'ring Last,  
With th' Hectours of the Pit, will never pass. }  
I said as much; but the Insipid Ass  
Would needs Write on; and told me that his Muse

Had History and Truth for her Excuse.

Nay, if he'd have it so, what's that to me?

I told him, I loved Fighting more than he.

And would refuse no Honourable Terms:

And so ———

From Stripling Cupid, grew a Man of Arms.

And though these Martial Dresses are not common,

Well Arm'd, you'll find it hard to Foile a Woman.

Think not our Courage, for our Sex less bold;

Nor us so Brittle, but our Strength can hold.

For Fighting Gallants, when you led the Dance,

Some of our Sex went after You to France:

And Female Bully into Breeches got,

Some say, The Last Sea-Fight stood Cannon Shot.

Why may not Women have as Generous Ends

In Conquering Enemies, as Obliging Friends?

So Fair a Theme I could with Ease pursue:

But, so much for Ours; now for the Poet's due:

Our Author, as the Humble Fop; still say,

Begs You'd be Favourable to His Play:

But I say no: Do not your Censures spare.

Be ill-Natur'd, do; and Damne it, ----- if you dare.

Come hither, ———

[To Mr. Smith

Does not that Whispering Wry-faced Gang, that's got in

Ton Corner, look as if they were a Plotting

Against the Play?

Mr. Smith. Yes, what then?

Mrs. Lee. Do they so?

Death

## Epilogue.

Death, I'll be with them.

Mr. Smith. Hold, hold.

Mrs. Lee. Let me go :

[Offers to Draw

[Stays her

*It's not enough that they run Poets down,  
And damne You and your Plays for their Half Crown ?  
But they must stare, look big, and Hee four Us !  
Are all our Kindnesses requited thus !  
Did not the Boys Act Women's Parts Last Age ?  
Till We in pitty to the Barren Stage  
Came to Reform your Eyes that went astray,  
And taught you Passion the true English Way.  
Have not the Women of the Stage done this ?  
Nay, took all Shapes, and used most means to Please.  
How many on's, you naughty Men, you know,  
Have used you but too well ? nay and some few,  
( But not too much of that ) been Constant too.  
And if to damne us now is our Reward,  
I say no more ; but - Faith 'tis very hard.*

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## ERRATA.

*Occasioned by the Over-sight, and ill Writing of the Transcriber.*

**P**Age 7. line 21, and l. 22. read. *Presence*. p. 11. l. 13. r. *that Tye*. ibid l. 21. r. *our Laws*. p. 16. l. 4. *Love is our*. p. 19. l. 8. r. *Love controuls*. ib. l. 19. r. *meeting Eyes*. p. 21. l. ult. r. *thy Fate*. p. 22. l. 7. r. *Monarch's Ear*. p. 22. l. 32. r. *in different*. p. 25. l. 24. r. *i' have chose*. p. 30. l. 30. r. *too quick*. p. 31. l. 15. r. *Ear or Eye*. p. 35. l. 15. r. *your Pow'r*. p. 36. l. 25. r. *I will my Life*. p. 38. l. 6. r. *a Prize*. p. 49. l. 6. r. *all night*. p. 50. l. 5. r. *too Prodiga*. ib. l. 10. r. *Rival*. p. 51. l. 9. r. *commands*. p. 52. l. 15. r. *exit Lycurgus*. p. 54. l. 15. r. *Fancy hangs*. p. 55. l. 18. r. *Pow'r's the same*. ib. l. 29. r. *Worth less*. p. 57. l. 14. r. *thy King*. p. 55. l. 32. r. *Trayour shroud*. p. 64. l. 2. r. *boldly*.

# Actors Names.

## Tartars.

*Theinmingus*, King of *Tartary*. Mr *Gillow*  
*Zungteus*, his Son. Mr *Harris*  
*Palexus*, *Zungteus* his Confident. Mr *Norris*

## Chineſes.

King of *China*. Mr *Medbourn*  
*Quitaxo*, a Prince } Mr *Smith*  
*Lycungus*, a Prince } of *China*. Mr *Sandford*  
*Legoxun* a Prince }  
A Villain of *Lycungus's* Party.

## Women.

*Orunda*, only Child of }  
the King of *China*. } Mrs. *Batterton*  
*Alcinda*, an Innocent Lady, en- }  
gaged by Contract to *Quitaxo*. } Mrs. *Cover*  
*Amavanga*, a Queen of a }  
Province in *China*, in the } Mrs. *Mary Lee*  
Disguise of a Souldier }  
*Vangona*, her Confident, }  
in the ſame Habit. } Mrs. *Spencer*  
Maskers, Meſſengers, Lords, Ladies,  
Guards, and other Attendants.

THE  
CONQUEST  
OF  
CHINA,

By the *TARTARS*.

---

ACT the First. SCENE the First.  
A Camp.

---

*Theinmingus, Zungtus, Palexus, and  
Tartars attending.*

*Zung.*

**N**OW is the time, th'Indulgent Suns kind Ray,  
Does only on the Southern World look gay :  
And glancing on our *Climes* with half an Eye,  
At a neglectful distance passes by.

Whose powerful heat, and God-like influence gon,  
The Rebel Earth takes forces of its own :  
And has it self from his weak power secur'd,  
With Mounts of Snow, and Rocks of Ice immur'd.  
Yet those strong Bars have not your Arms with-stood :  
The Gods that froze your Climate, warm'd your Blood.

2      *The Conquest of China by the Tartars:*

*Pal.* O're *China's* Icy Lake, your flying Train  
Of swift *Tartarian* Horse have forc'd their way;  
And leading a Field-Army o're the Main,  
Triumphant marcht on a Campaigne of Sea.

*Zang.* Our Armes the News of our success out-fly:  
We give our Foes but time to start, and dye.  
Our Swords surprize 'em with so quick a doom,  
They feel their Fate, before they see it come.  
And where the Winter does our passage stay,  
We burn down Citys till we melt our way.

*Thein.* But those few Millions we've yet vanquish't, are  
A bare dumb shew of a poor Pageant war.  
Our Honour now for greater Action calls,  
To aim our Vengeance against *Pequins* Walls.  
Imperial Heads in Blood, and Thrones in Dust,  
Are th'only Vengeance that can make Me just.  
The falls of Kings, and Martyr'd City's flames:  
Revenge is Childrens sport at lesser games.  
Whose soaring wings at Crowns, & Conquest flye,  
Act little, till they fit like at Majesty,  
To Right my Murder'd Fathers death, I must  
With Royal Blood, appease a Royal Ghost.

*After a sound of Trumpets, enter a Messenger, who delivers a Message to Theinmingus.*

*Mess.* Sir, an Ambassadour from the *China's* King desires  
Admittance.

*Thein.* Go, Conduct him in —

*Exit Mess.*

Now for some Bribe to court me to lay down  
My Arms; a kind Petition for a Crown:  
No Terms of Peace, nor Golden Mountains shall  
The Vengeance of my Sacred Rage recall.  
My Fathers groaning Spirit hangs in ayre,  
Deny'd admission to the blest abode,  
Till Blood and Ruine his loud wrongs Repair,  
And my Revenge has shap'd him for a God.

*Enter, introduc'd by Trumpets, Amavanga, Vangona,  
and Attendants.*

*Am.* Is't not enough, ye Gods, our Bleeding Land  
Groans at the wounds from an Invaders hand? *Aside.*



Is't not enough to an Insulting Foe,  
His Thunder kills before men hear the blow.  
But must his Pride, with his Success, take wing,  
And cast the name of Coward on a King:  
An Infamy so loud, as would awake  
A Womans Rage: for thy wrong'd Honours sake,  
Pardon, great King, if I assume the Name  
of thy Ambassador, to Right thy Fame:  
Before his Blasphemy be spread too wide,  
I will give check to the proud Tartars Pride.

*Aside.*

*Am. con.* } Hear my great Masters pleasure from my breath;  
tinues to } He justifies your Conquer'd Fathers death.  
*Theim.* } He and the day together saw him bleed:  
He saw it, and he triumph't in the deed.

Nor did, nor could the Night his Conquest end:

(Still going on)

In blood, he saw the Alarm'd Sun descend.  
The Sun set red, and from the purple gore, (more.  
Blush't that he had shed so much; He, that he had shed no  
And when the gloomy Eye of Heaven grew dim,  
And drew black Curtains 'twixt his fame and him,  
Scorning to be by Heaven it self oppos'd;  
With new-made Rays he drooping Nature Rous'd.  
Still with gay Light did his bright Cannons play,  
And with fresh fires, kept in the flighted day.  
This did my King, and guided by the Will  
And Pow'r to act on; this he dares do still.

*Zung.* Heav'n, this is all my wishes could implore:  
Make our Foes Valiant, and I ask no more.  
A Cowards blood but stains a Sword. Then Fate  
Is kind, when Glory does on Triumph wait.

*Am.* Nor are his thoughts less mighty than his Arms:  
That Rage he breaths, his inspir'd Empire warm's.  
His Subjects, at the name of Arms, a-round  
Him press, and greedy catch the pleasing sound.  
Revenge, they cry; our lives nor fortunes spare:  
Together tuned, they speak, and the loud Consort's, War;  
Him they their King, his Soul their God they make:  
But if that God can his bright Throne forsake,

4      *The Conquest of China by the Tartars.*

So may he perish, and his Empire sink,  
When he from Glory but one thought can shrink.

*Thein.* My wishes joyn with his, may he be Great,  
And have a Soul inspir'd with all that hear,  
And Gallantry, which you so loud proclaim:  
All his own fears can wish, or pride can frame.  
That I may meet, what here I have not found,  
My Arms, as with Success, with Honour Crown'd.  
That when he by the hand of Justice dyes,  
I may find work for Conquest, not Surprise.  
*Zungteus*, instantly for an Assault  
Prepare: this talking looks too like a haul.  
Revenge, whil'st 'tis disputed, is delay'd.  
Disputes should be by Priests, not Monarchs made.

*Exit Attendants.*

*Vang.* Me-thoughts while you discours't, I did descry  
A searching wonder in the Princes Eye.  
Take heed, dear Madam, lest *Zungteus* may, } To *Amav*.  
Through your disguise, his Mrs. Face betray.

*Amav.* No: *Amavanga* in this borrow'd shape,  
Will th' Eye of a deluded World escape:  
All danger of discovery I defie.  
He look, and speak, and act a part so high,  
Shall cheat an Empire.

*Palex.* Th'expecting World on your performance waits.

*Zung.* For Honour then: lead on, to *Pequins* Gates.

*Amav.* Hold Royal Sir, oblige me with your stay:  
Envyng at what Fame to your Sword doe's pay,  
I've a Request to make.

Sir, when your Forces give their first Alarms,  
I humbly beg We two may meet in Arms.  
For since the narrow World no room can spare,  
To let two Foes, so haughty, breath one Aire;  
To gratifie my Pride, I beg to try,  
If 'tis my Honour by your hand to dye.

*Zung.* So kind a Champion let my Arms embrace: { *Embraces*  
Brave Youth, thy Courage pleads with such a Grace. { *him.*  
Ha! There's Enchantment there, and something stole.  
Through that soft Circle, has surpriz'd my Soul.

I cannot fear, and yet me-thinks I quake:  
Dar'd by that breath, my trembling Spirits shake.  
Great God's! what sudden Chill has seiz'd my blood;  
Something—no matter what; be't ill, or good,  
I blush for't, and 'tis gone. Kind Challenger,  
I'll meet you in the Field.

*Amav.* I'll meet you there.

And Sir, to merit what this grace imparts,  
I'll practice deaths upon your Subjects hearts.  
Deep in the *Tartars* blood I'll dye my Sword;  
To mak't a Weapon fit t'attaque their Lord.

*Zung.* But Generous Enemy,  
Something I feel so Sacred at thy sight,  
That makes me with I might avoyd this Fight.  
But if we must, for mine and thine own sake,  
Be Death far distant from the Wounds I make:  
All hostile Rage must at that Scene lye by;  
I'de Conquer with a bloodless Victory. [*Embraces him again.*

The Magick works afresh---- Enchanter hence—

I feel such changes in my startled sense,  
As tell me I have talk'd too long. What strange  
Miraculous influence has made this change?  
If supernatural pow'r this terror draws,  
And he's

Some Tutelar Saint that aid's the *Chinan* Cause;  
For less can't make me shake, If in that form  
Some Divine pow'r has humane likeness worne;  
If he has ought of Charm, or aide of Gods,  
To guard him, when we meet, he has the Odds.  
To match my Arm with his, He must lend mine  
Divinity, or must his own resigne.

*Aside*

*Yang.* So nigh approach, and so long conference,  
Has half recover'd his enlightned sense.  
Retire whilst you are safe.

[*To Amav.*

*Am.* I'm gone: How ill  
Great Prince am I thy Challenger; I will  
In Arms, and if I can, in Glory shine.  
I'll aim my Vengeance 'gainst all hearts but Thine.

*Yang.* For what then did you Challenge him?

6 *The Conquest of China by the Tartars.*

*Am.* To try his Courage, and his Gallantry,  
The only merit that can Conquer Me,  
And I've my wish: A General, and yield  
T' expose his Royal Person in the Field,  
Singly against a private unknown hand!  
Such Gallantry I can't enough admire.  
My King and Country's Cause, my Sword require;  
But by a former, and more pow'rful tye,  
My Soul adores my Country's Enemy.  
I Love *Zungteus*, and with secret joy,  
Admire that hand which *China* does destroy.

*Exeunt Amav. & Vang.*

*Manent only Zungteus and Palexus.*

*Zung.* When Peace the prop of sluggish Kings secur'd  
The *Chinan* Empire from the *Tartars* Sword:  
And Heaven did by that Charm this Crown support,  
I went a Guest to the *Taymingian* Court.  
And in the *Chinan* Empire spent those years,  
Where Child wears out, and growing Man appears.  
When I felt something in my heart take seat,  
Which wrote in my enliven'd blood, *Be Great*.  
There I first thought the heir t'an Empire bound,  
T' have his hand active ere his head were Crown'd.  
And *Chanquincungus*, his Rebellion first  
Taught me in blood to satisfy that thirst.  
Thus *Tartary* does the less Title claim,  
That but to me gave Birth, but *China* to my Fame.  
Now by a Turn of State, their Foes I head,  
My Vallour now to their destruction led,  
Does prey upon that Empire where 'twas bred. }

*Palex.* Revenge and Justice for their Ruine speak;  
No Tyes so strong but Injuries can break.

*Zung.* But Oh, me-thinks, an inward Voyce I hear,  
Forbare bold man, thou hast a Princess there!  
My *Amavanga* does a Crown enjoy  
Within that Empire, which my Armes destroy.  
Gods! Was your World so Barren, that it cou'd  
Afford my Armes no better scene of blood,  
But where my fury must my Saint dethrone?

*Palex.* Your Vengeance aims at the Imperial Crown:

And

And though her Province in this Empire lye,  
War points out what shall Live, as well as Dye.

*Zung.* How vainly you mistake, you know her pow'r  
Is borrow'd from the *Chinan* Emperour;  
The Patron and Protector of her Seat.  
Since then my fury does his Ruine threat,  
Her Interest is to his safety Wedd:  
The limbs of Empire suffer in the Head.  
A Sacred horror does my sense awake,  
And bids me be less bloody for her sake.  
Kind Messenger of Heaven, thou art obey'd:  
Ile instantly to my great Father plead  
Th' injustice of his Arms, till his Rage cease,  
And he return in a Triumphant Peace.

*Pal.* Consider Sir, before this Pause is made,  
Your Ancestors here basely were betray'd.  
And Ruine in all forms is but too small  
To purge th' infected aire where Monarchs fall.

*Zung.* Had *China* Crimes  
More loud than Heav'n durst hear, or Hell durst own?  
Her Pretence would a Kingdoms sins Atone.

*Palex.* What though her pretence does this Empire bless,  
She by your Arms will greater grow, not less.  
The more your Victories in *China* spread,  
You win but Crowns to plant them on Her head.

*Zung.* But how if she should this occasion choose,  
And her own person to the War expose.  
Remember when the Scene of Civil War,  
Was in her Fathers Kingdom layd, how far  
Her Courage led her, in a Masc'line shape  
She from her Father's Court made an Escape.  
Amongst the thickest dangers still she flew;  
And Honours reap'd where they were great, and new.  
Her own disguise could not her Glory's shroud:  
Fighting, she spoke in Thunder from her Cloud.  
And when the Conquering *Chanquincungus* stood  
On her dead Brothers Neck, his yet warm blood  
She at one stroke Reveng'd; and at one blow,  
A Rebel, and his Army, did overthrow.  
By her, his life, the Vanquish'd Conq'rouer lost,  
A Victim to her Brothers new-made Ghost.

*Palex.*



8 *The Conquest of China by the Tartars.*

*Palex.* All this I know.

*Zung.* And think you there are Charms  
In Conq'ring Rebels, more than bearing Arms  
'Gainst an Invading Enemy, whose Sword,  
Her Countrys Bowels has so deeply goar'd.  
So great a Courage, and a Cause so great,  
I'm too certain will infuse that heat,  
As must be quench't with Blood, and what e're veile  
Her disguis'd Sex, and beauty does conceal,  
She'll be i'th' Battel; nay she is, she must be there,  
Who knows then but wild Chance in heat of War,  
May make my hand my Mrs. Murderer.  
Rather than so, I'll take this Nobler way,  
I'll strait my Fathers Orders disobey:  
Renounce my Conquest, and remove the War,  
And for her sake, a sinking Empire spare.

*Palex.* Shall one rash act shame all your past Renown.

*Zung.* What are the spoils of VVar, Fame, or a Crown,  
Compar'd with her fair Eyes? I'll fight no more:  
Our Swords ill strike at what our Hearts adore.  
The famous Gyants that with *Love* made War,  
Had ne're storm'd Heaven, had they paid homage there.

*Palex.* In these Resolves, your Father you betray;  
And in that act, from Natures bonds you stray.

*Zung.* A stronger force weak Natures pow'r controles:  
Nature makes tyes of Blood, but Love of Soule.

*Palex.* In this unmanly, and so mean design,  
From Duty and from Honour you decline.  
And she for Virtue, has a Zeal so great,  
You'r lost, should you but think of a Retreat:  
If out of Honours paths one step you move,  
She'll hate you, and abhor your worthless Love.  
If o're her heart you would Victorious grow,  
You must fight on her Bleeding Countrys Foe.

*Zung.* If then through Blood I must my Mrs. win,  
Fate and Necessity take off the Sin.  
Like Providence I can act nothing ill,  
Infallible, cause 'tis my Princess will.  
If nought can charm her breast but Fight and Wars,  
I'll tear Their hearts out to secure me Hers.

And



And that her Love no rest nor pause may take,  
With Drums and Trumpets sounds I'll keep't awake.  
Nor shall my stains of Blood my worth impair;  
A Comet is as glorious as a Star.

*Exeunt.*

*End of the First Act.*

---

## The Second ACT.

*The Scene open'd, discovers the Royal Pallace of Pequin the King of China, and Orunda, seated with Attendants of Women and Eunuchs.*

*King.* **T**HE Mighty will from whence all pow'r does grow,  
That plac'd the Sun above, and me below;  
That gave me all that I cou'd wish beside,  
Has to my Royal Blood a Son deny'd.  
But you, fair Daughter, must supply that want  
The tardy Fates dispute before they grant.  
This day you must my Successour declare,  
Chooſe me a Son, and *China's* Crown an heir.

*Orand.* Oh how extravagant is greatness grown!  
All other Beauties are by Courtship won.  
But the Imperial Daughters are oblig'd  
To yield their hearts before they are besieg'd.  
We must Court first; for since that Mortal dyes,  
That dares but offer homage to our Eyes;  
Custom has render'd that great, and sublime,  
Which were in all but us, our Sexes crime.

*King.* You by the *Chinan* Laws have understood,  
That from the twelve next Princes of the blood,  
Our Royal Daughter must two men prefer,  
The most deserving of a Crown and her.  
One of which two, your Father must design,  
The happy Man shall share your Love and mine.  
In Pomp conduct the Rival Princes in,  
And let this Royal Scene of Love begin.

**C**

*Enter*

10      *The Conquest of China by the Tartars.*

*Enter twelve Princes in Masquerade, mask'd, Quitazo and Licungus being of them, a Maskal Dance is performed; which ended, the Princes unmask, and the King and Princes rise.*

*King.* From this great Train, now Daughter, let your Eyes Mark out that worth, which best deserves to rise ; And make such choice as may become her part, Who founds an Empire where she gives a heart.

*Here Orunda having view'd around, stands, stands with her Eye fixt on Quitazo.*

*Orund.* So sudden, and so sure! Do I want sence, Or have too much? My Eyes my greatness wrong : They ought to visit, but not dwell so long. That Look, that Form——Hold heart one minutes stay. No, 'tis too great a Rebel to obey. Like Vessels Stranded on a shallow Coast, I'm fixt, and cannot move 'till I am lost. Yet from my heart this favour I receive, It gives me warning e're it takes its leave. And on my Fetters I my glory build : For now I shall be Conquer'd ere I yeeld.

*King.* Daughter, your kindest thoughts :

*Orund.* Since in one Sphear Love ought to fix, my wandring thoughts rest here. *pointing to Quitazo.*

For since my Birth does no mean choice allow,  
There's something seems Imperial in his brow.

*King.* Sure Daughter you your favours do misplace :  
For in the Characters of his gloomy Face,  
Wrapt in an angry and disdainful frown,  
I read a Sullenness that scorns a Crown :  
And certainly that Honour you design'd,  
Deserv'd a brow more calm, and look more kind.  
Were I assur'd he did the grace despise,  
His Head, not Heart, should be your Sacrifice.  
But choose again, and your mistake retrieve,  
Whilst I the forfeit of his Head forgive :  
That his severer punishment may be  
To live, and feel the loss of You, and Me.

*Orund.*

*Orund.* What fatal fury does your passion raise,  
To judge that his offence, which is his praise.  
His Gallantry is in that Look exprest.  
They take gifts coldest, who deserve them best.  
A Modesty in his dark brow I find,  
The noblest mark of an Illustrious mind.  
He seems to tell me in his looks cast down,  
That my kind hand must raise him to a Crown.  
Then blame not that which shews him great and good:  
His merits are the brighter for the Cloud  
His darken'd Visage wears.

*King.* But name the Second man, and then I'll bind  
That the Eternal Providence has sign'd:  
Your destiny from my high pleasure springs;  
The will of Heav'n speaks in the breath of Kings.

*Orund.* The cruel rigour of our Laws Revoke:  
*Orunda* only can *Quitazo* choose:  
And for his sake must all man-kind refuse.

*King.* A Father, and a King, you ill mistrust:  
I to your Love can be both kind and just.

*Orund.* Sir, I obey you, since your Laws design }  
I must name two, may the kind Gods incline } *aside.*  
My Fathers fancy to conspire with mine.

Sir, for his Second I *Lycungus* choose,  
The only man I would with scorn refuse.

Him as *Quitazo's* foyle I set; his dark,  
Harsh, and ill-seatur'd look, seems more the mark  
Of Policy,—then Love. If with my Eyes  
My Father sees, he must that face despise. } *Aside.*  
And for my Armes my nobler choice ordain;  
A sweetness fit to Love, and Majesty to Reign.

—————Your Sentence Royal Sir.

*King.* They seem to Worth so equally allid,  
My fancy must survey e're it decide.

*Orund.* How can your wandring fancy stray so far,  
That your weak Eyes their merit can compare.  
Look on that brow, what formes of horror dwell;  
Where hate and rage like meeting Tempests swell.  
But see what charms his softer looks impart,  
Worthy to rule your Empire, and my Heart.

What winning goodness does that frame adorn ;  
With all its gayest dress of greatness worne.

*King.* Daughter, you'r born too near a Crown to Err :  
*Quitazô* then I to your Grace prefer :  
And if He yet wants what your praises speak, }  
He'll soon be all you wish him for your sake : }  
That merit which you do not find, you'll make. }

*After a Sound of Trumpets from a distance, Enter a Messenger, who delivers a Memorial in a Scroule of Parchment to the King ; whilst he reads, one of the attending Princes speaks.*

*Prince.* The Emperour is disturb'd, his alter'd look,  
Does seem to say his mighty mind is shook.  
Whence should proceed this fear ?

*Lycung.* Sir, you mistake :  
He is a Monarch, and his mind can't shake.  
Fears the Convulsion of Ignoble Souls,  
Whose aw'd pow'r some Superior force controles,  
But he that's absolute, and depends on none,  
Is above Terrour ; and that Right alone  
Belongs to Kings. The life of Majesty,  
But one unalterable Scene should be.  
Unmov'd by storms, a wa'k of State untrod  
By all but Kings, and boundless as a God.  
It should not stop, nor any change admitt :  
Inconstancy and Ebbs are only fit  
For those, whose Luster's small, or not their own :  
The Moon admits of wains, but not the Sun.

*King.* Read there new Subjects of a Monarchs care ;  
I must Engage in a defensive War.  
The Bloody *Tartars* have Incursions made,  
And their dead Kings Revenge too fully paid.

*Orund.* How Sir ! are you betray'd, or have they past  
That mighty Bar which your great Fathers cast ?  
That Wall whose length does in a frately Pride  
Your *China* from their *Tartary* divide ?

*King.* No, with a pow'r of Horse by Winters aide,  
He o're the Ice our Country does Invade.  
And fierce *Zungtens* Heads this Barb'rous Train,  
Whose fury has so many thousands slain ;

My Subjects by his Conq'ring power o'recome,  
Meet both their Murder, and their Martyrdom.  
My Men he Massacres, my Towns he Burns;  
And into Funeral Piles whole Cities turns.  
But thanks to that brave Youth of unknown name,  
The kind Defender of his Sovereigns fame;  
Who in defiance of the *Tartars* pow'r,  
Went to the King as my Embassadour:  
That War he has Proclaim'd, I will pursue;  
And paint my Glory by the lines he drew.

*Orund.* Your Father did by War gain his Renown,  
Succeed him in his Courage, as his Crown.

*King.* Yes Daughter,  
Though Kings in Death, the unkind Gods think good,  
Should levell'd be with common flesh and blood:  
Though they debas'd us to Mortality,  
They gave us hearts which tamely scorn to dye.  
*Quitazo*, and *Lycungus*, though you may  
No equal share in Loves Dominion sway.  
Though to my Blood but one can be Alli'd;  
Between you both I will my pow'r divide.  
Our Military conduct I commend  
To your high Trust, Our dearest Son and Friend;  
He in the Camp shall Reign, and you at home:  
All my State-Mandats through your hands shall come.  
My Royal Signet's yours; to guard my Crown,  
To him I grant the Sword, to you the Gown.  
Open our Treasur's, and with golden Charms,  
(Gold's the Religion and the Saint of Arms)  
Raise all the Force that Interest can sway:  
All who that pow'rful Leader will obey.  
Who in distress an Empire would uphold,  
Must build his hopes next to his Gods, on Gold:  
Our Treasur's and success consistent are;  
Kings may speak Vengeance, but their Gold makes War.

*Here the King enters in dispute with Orunda and Quitazo  
in dumb shew.*

*Lycung.* A Gown's not that my soaring wishes want:  
The Sword had been the more obliging grant.

*Aside.*

The



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The Sword in prudent hands has pow'r to raise,  
More fruit from Victory than wreaths of Bays.  
Wise Conquerors this Charity still own,  
When Crowns and Diadems are weighty grown;  
Ease their Kings brows, and plant them on their own. *aside*  
But my dull Office does that pow'r deny,  
A lazy Gown-man rarely mounts so high.  
'Tis true, in Wars, that Treason in a Gown  
May sell a Kingdom, but not wear a Crown.

*King.* Daughter, perhaps it may appear unkind,  
To part two Lovers wh'are so lately joyn'd :  
But as my Son, 'tis Honour calls him forth,  
I must retard his blifs, t'advance his worth.

*Exeunt omnes, but Orunda and Quitaz.*

*Quitaz.* Oh unkind King, you act a cruel part,  
Thus to engage my hand against my heart.  
How shall I meet her kindness, with what face ?  
To Counterfeit a Love, is poor and base :  
In that a Princess I betray, and one,  
Who with her Love presents me with a Crown.  
And if I in the path of Honour tread,  
And owning my aversion, lose my Head ;  
Though to meet Death, be nothing to the brave ;  
Yet when I think what's buried in a Grave :  
To lose *Alcinda*, checks that bravery.  
Such a Damnation makes me fear to dye.  
Lovers like Sinners do resign their breath :  
The loss of Heav'n is the greatest fear in death.  
Direct me Gods.

*Orund.*—So, we're alone, and now  
That sullen Cloud that hung upon his brow,  
No doubt my presence will with ease exhale ;  
I'm sure if Love can do't, it shall not fail.  
Who knows but all that sullenness might be  
His scorn of Rivals, and his Pride of me.  
'Tis little transports that a Voyce assume :  
The Extasie is highest when 'tis dumb.

*Quitaz.*



*Quintao.* I must approach her: with what eager eye  
She darts these smiles by which my peace must dye.  
Her dangerous kindness how can I escape?  
Was ever Ruine in so fair a shape!

*Aside.*

Let your poor Slave thus low his homage pay,  
You and the Gods should be ador'd one way.  
The blessings you both show'r, one current take;  
Pow'r'd on Man-kind, who no return can make.

*[Kneels.]*

*Orund.* How! no return!

*Quit.* Yes, Prayers and Offerings.  
Desertless Mortal this poor Tribute brings,  
Up to his Gods his Eyes and Vows may lift,  
But what's the breath ador's them but their gift:  
What precious Gums with which we Altars Crown  
But Fruits produc'd by their own Rain and Sun!

*Orund.* Strain not your Rhetorick to a point too high;  
To accept your Vows, I'll lay my God-head by.  
Though there are no Returns made to a God;  
Let this blush say, there are to flesh and blood.  
Rise, rise my Lord; cease these ill-tim'd amours:  
My Fate, my King and Love have made Me your's.  
Kneeling's a posture fawning Courtship gives  
To proud and scornful Mistresses, not Wives.

*Quit.* That word has death in't.

*[Aside.]*

But whom you raise to Honours so sublime,  
Should by degrees to that high glory climb.  
Consider first what Bliss that Grace design'd:  
And banish next from his aspiring mind  
His own poor distant state, and humble Birth.  
They who reach Heav'n, shake off the thoughts of Earth.  
Then his enlightn'd brow, and raviht sence  
Prepare, to entertain such Excellence:  
So make all gay without, all rich within,  
To take the Royal Guest, the mighty Conquerour in.

*Orund.* This Gallantry does but new flames inspire.  
Oh Love! the Charm winds up still higher & higher.  
Why all this distance? why this State to me?  
What need of Parly's after Victory?  
United hearts should no distinctions know:  
Love finds all equal, or else leav's 'em so.

*Aside.*

*Then*

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Then Sir, this generous Gallantry give o're :  
Talk of high Blood, Descents, and Births, no more.  
Our Births are things of many years agoe :  
Here is our business now.

*Quit.* ———— What shall I do ?  
Her fatal kindness still encreases more : } *Aside.*  
Alas my Ruine was too sure before.

But Madam, whilst your Influence I survey,  
And think how Nations must your pow'r Obey :  
Can you imagine, I, of all Man-kind,  
The most oblig'd, rais'd by your smiles, design'd  
To share your Throne, should think no homage due  
To your great Name, when the world pays it you ?

*Orund.* Still of my Birth, let this that thought remove } *gives him*  
I shall Rule Empires, but I'll yield to Love. } *her hand.*

*Quit.* What Devil but my self would be unmov'd--  
By so much Charm thus Honour'd, and thus Lov'd, } *Aside.*  
To see a Courting Majesty deny'd.

Madam, my Soul I can no longer hide.  
To Heaven Religiously this Vow I made :  
That when it was my fate to Love, t'invade  
My Mistress heart, and lay a glorious Siege,  
I'de act some Deed extravagantly great,  
Both to deserve and to confirm that Seat.  
Since then the *Tartar* War has shew'd the way :  
Let me my debt to Heaven and Beauty pay.  
First shine in Wars, and when your Vassal treads  
Upon your Foes the Conquer'd *Tartars* Heads,  
He to the World his passion may proclaim,  
When he has done Deeds worthy a Lovers Name.

*Orund.* Being in my Debt, you'l Bankrupt seem & poor,  
T'engage with Honour e're you pay Loves score.

*Quit.* Madam, I've sworn, and my King bids me goe.  
And Majesty's as Sacred as my Vow.  
He calls me hence; besides, I should not dare  
Aspire to Mirtles, till I Lawrels wear.

*Orund.* Hold Generous Sir, that fond pursuit give o're :  
To act your Vow, already you've done more  
Than Conquer'd Armys; for you've Conquer'd me.  
And sure there is some distance, or should be

'Twixt sending of poor Soldiers to their Graves,  
Hirelings bred up for Death, and born for Slaves:  
And the subduing of a Princess heart.  
If killing is such an Heroick part,  
And so much worth from giving Deaths accrue,  
Then Plagues and Famines have more worth than you.

*Quit.* Madam I must be gone. A stay so long,  
Does both your Greatness and your Beauty wrong.  
Unworthily I have approacht too nigh,  
An excellence so sacred and so high:  
A greater distance fits my humble state;  
Th'unworthy should in outward Temples wait,  
Whilst th'inner steps which to high Altars lead,  
None but the Holy and inspir'd should tread:  
Whilst meaner worths more awfully forbear,  
In Reverence to th'Almighty presence there.

*Exe.*

*Orund.* If this be Love, 'tis brave: must Victory  
And Glory be the steps t'ascend to me.  
In such a Lover, Oh how blest—but hold;  
A sudden check makes my faint Blood run cold.  
Th'is Mistress Armes a Victor he returns,  
Suppose he for some other Mistress burns.  
Oh Jealousie, my thoughts take hideous formes;  
I fear those Clouds he wore will end in stormes.  
If all this Gallantry should prove but Art,  
Oh, the sad Ruines of a wounded heart!  
But why should I suspect, 'tis all mistake:  
But to shun dangers I'll this refuge take.  
Mine and my Fathers pow'r shall keep him here,  
Till Law and Sacred Rites remove my fear.  
Then when I've made him, and his Soul, my own;  
Have made him Lord of Me, my Love, and Crown,  
I'll fear no Rivals; but securely trust  
My Eyes and Charms to keep him kind and just.  
Devotion is by unbelief destroy'd:  
None are Apostates who have Heav'n enjoy'd.

*Enter Lycungus.*

Yet I'll remove all doubt: *Lycungus* stay,  
You have Convers't with Fame; what does it say,  
Of my *Quitazo*.

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*Lyc.* ——— What it says of things,  
Twixt men and Gods, what it should say of Kings.

*Orund.* But what do you think of him?

*Lyc.* ——— As I ought;  
All of him that can come in reach of thought.  
But the vast Bliss which your high favours give,  
None but the rich Possessor can conceive.

*Orund.* Hold, you mistake the thing which I demand:  
My pow'r and its effects I understand.

It is his native Virtues I enquire;  
Not my own Creatures, those which I inspire.  
I have a trust, which to your private care  
I would commit; search out his Character,  
Observe his Actions, and his Looks survey;  
And for my Thanks, I will my Friendship pay.

*Lyc.* So paid, my Loyalty you need not fear.  
At half that price you'd buy my life too dear.

*Orund.* This Curiosity's a Venial part,  
Where I bestow an Empire, and a Heart.

*Lyc.* Madam, I'll bring him drawn to th' life; I'll use  
All arts and means, that may his Soul disclose.  
And the large Mirrour shall be clear and true;  
I'll be his Painter and Historian too.

*Exit Orunda.*

Why all this search? Its depth I cannot sound:  
Howe're, I like the Structure, though the ground  
I understand not. The Employment's brave:  
And Princess, I am thy Obedient Slave.  
My Services shall such Reward deserve,  
That I'll take care my labour shall not starve.

Allegiance can do much, but Interest more:  
States-men serve Princes, not as Slaves dig o're  
In Mines, t'enrich their Masters, and themselves be Poor:  
In toyle and sweat, like them, we spend our hours:  
But search the Mine to make the Treasure ours.

*Exit.*

*The Scene changes. Enter Quitazo.*

*Quit.* What haunting fury did my Life pursue?  
That me to this accurs'd Election drew!  
Forc'd by that Law this Court has long obey'd;  
When any of the Imperial Daughters Wedd,  
The *Chinan* Custom does her choice design,  
Out of the twelve next Princes of the Line:

And

And he whose Birth within that limit lyes,  
Must break all past, though ne're so sacred ties; }  
Or that Imperial grace refus'd, he dyes.  
Laws, Virtues, Fetters, a strict Tye, which still  
Makes those good only, who want pow'r for ill  
Actions which Honour prompts, and Love fulfils,  
Are humane deeds by passions fram'd, and wills.  
But they are Bruits whom only Love controles:  
For there our senses act without our Souls.  
She's here, now must I speak that which I know;  
When it takes breath, will give a mortal blow.  
But to take off some horror of the wound,  
I will prepare her for the killing sound.

Enter Alcinda.

Alc. Return'd from Court; kind Heaven, his presence here  
Removes my dangers, and dispels my fear.  
My dearest Lord, here take me in your Arms. [They embrace.

Enter Lycungus.

Lycung. So close a conference, & such melting eyes, }  
Pray Heav'n I guess but right. } *aside.*

Quit. Ha, a Surprize! what brings him here?

Alc. What unkind man is this,  
Thus to intrude and interrupt my blifs!  
Dear Sir, I will retire till he is gone:  
My eager joys admit no lookers on.

*Exit.*

Lyc. Well, well my Lord, you feel the growth of State:  
All Eyes look smiling on your rising Fate.  
The Cause that brought that Lady, brings me too.  
No doubt all Sexes are your Suppliants now.

Quit. What does he mean.

[*aside.*

Lyc. ———— Ha's She obtain'd a grant?

Quit. Of what! ———— Oh Torture!

[*aside.*

Lyc. ———— Nay I know you want  
No pow'r t'oblige; and by the view I took,  
I read Petitions in her very Look.  
Assist me Wit.

[*aside.*

Quit. ———— Death! how he startles me.

[*aside.*

Lyc. If her request, some Crown, some Kingdom be,  
Do not deny her, think how large a pow'r  
Is seated in a *Chinan* Emperor.



So many Coronets wait on your Crown,  
That petty Kingdoms are an easie Boon.  
You from the Princess smiles more greatness have engroft,  
Then any thing beneath a God can boast.

*Quit.* He has eased my staggering Soul of half its fear:

'Tis flattery, not malice, brings him here:

He saw her last kind Looks, but thanks to his  
False light, he read Petitions only in her eyes.

And 'tis a happy Errour; but to make  
All safe, I will comply with the mistake.

You guest that Suppliant Ladys business right:

Her Father sell in the late Rebels Fight.

Great were her Countrys sufferings, great were her own;

And to repair what Fire and Sword has done;

She humbly from my bounty does implore

My Interest, her greatness to restore.

*Lyc.* As I could wish

[*aside.*]

———— I knew her Father well:

'Twas by a poyson'd Arrow that he fell.

And to pursue the Story, did not that

Afflicted Lady, forc'd by her hard Fate,

A Captive on the Conqueror's Triumphs wait?

Who by the Eyes of his fair Prey subd'rd,

With Threats of Death his furious Love pursu'd;

Till the poor frighted Lady lost the Field;

For her Lifes Ransom did her Honour yeeld:

But weakness did at last decide the strife,

And 'twas a Sacrifice to save a Life.

*Quit.* Horror! and Death! was ever such a Lye!

And not one Blush at the impiety!

She yeeld her Honour! God's, can you hear this!

But if your Thunder's not awake, mine is:

For this loud Blasphemy thou dyest.

[*Draws.*]

*Lyc.* Hold Sir,

Have I affronted you, or injur'd her?

If she has lost her Honour, where's th'Offence

To tell you so?

*Quit.* ——— Oh savage Impudence!

Thy deserv'd Sentence I too long defer;

And thy one minut's Life wrongs Heav'n and Her.

*Lyc.*



*Lyc.* Yet Sir be patient, and your Errour know:  
Pray Sir, is not her Name *Lycanza*?

*Quit.* ——— No.

*Lyc.* Oh death ! I am mistaken in the Face.  
Sir, if my Penitence may obtain a Grace,  
Pardon the Injury I never meant :  
For ought I know I have abus'd a Saint.  
And by delusion of my wandring sense,  
Have cast a stain on Virgin Innocence.  
Shame from your sight does the Offender take,  
To blush in private for th'unkind mistake.

*Exit.*

*Quit.* Death on my blasted hopes, too late I find  
This seeming Innocent Errour was design'd.  
My Love's suspected, and this cursed spy  
Has work't me to a full discovery.  
My fury in her Cause all doubt removes,  
To right her Honour, I've betray'd our Loves.  
He wrought so subtly on my tenderest part ;  
I grew too fierce for Love, to think of Art.  
Rage rais'd the Storm, and by blind Passion tost,  
I could not see the Rock till I was lost.  
This News to th'King and Princess Ears, is gone.  
I dread that Vengeance which I'll strive to shun.  
But to the Camp I must with speed repair,  
And in disguise my Love shall meet me there.  
Thus Arm'd, I'll both our sinking Fortunes prop,  
And stem the Impetuous Tide I cannot stop.

*Exit.*

*Re-enter Lycungus.*

*Lyc.* Th'Embraces were too close, and I've made bold  
Kind Am'rous Lover to cut off your hold.

Thy Mistress is secure ———

I took a silent and the safest way :  
Th'have rous'd the Lyon, were to have lost the prey.  
All goes as I could wish. This Prize shall strait  
To th'Princess : I'll incense her to that heighr,  
Her slighted smiles shall into Vengeance turn:  
What kindness cannot warm, distain shall burn.  
But if she prove too tardy in her hate :  
If one impression cannot seal the Fate,

The

The King shall hear the story of thy Pride,  
 With some enlargement of my own beside,  
 As though *Alcinda* be not Born t'a Crown;  
 He'll use his Sword to seat her in a Throne.  
 What though 'tis false, 'tis enough it bears  
 My sence: States men are Kings Interpreters.  
 All that approaches to a Monarchs fear,  
 Carrys no sence, but what we let it bear.  
 And when we rise, Truths must be Strangers there.  
 His Army must be mine, t'adorn my head,  
 Thy Love, Life, Pow'r, all at one stroak falls dead.  
 Then if my Sword grow wanton in my hand,  
 I shall but over-doe a Kings Command.

*Exit.*


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### The Third ACT. Scene the First.

*After a sound of Trumpets, Enter Theinmingus, Zungteus,  
 Palexus, and Tartars with drawn Swords as from Battel.*

*Theinmingus.*

IN this days Action we have Glory bought:

Now the *Chineses* have been kind, and fought.

*Zung.* That brave Young Man, the late Ambassadour,  
 Who in defiance of your threatening Pow'r,  
 Did to your Face the *Chinan* War proclaim;  
 His Hand makes work for Graves, his Praise for Fame.  
 Renown in all the Miracles of this  
 Great day, is dumb to any Name, but His.  
 He and his small Brigade so fierce engage,  
 They've in one day made Story for an Age.  
 Breaking our Ranks, he Fate distributes round;  
 Wounds on each stroak attend, Death on each Wound.  
 He Kills with such a gay undaunted Port;  
 Fighting seems not his business, but his Sport.  
 His Looks and Actions speak indifferent styles.  
 Rage frowns in others Brows, in his it smiles.  
 That makes him in this more than humane Task,  
 Seem both to act a Slaughter, and a Mask.

*Thein.*

*Thein.* Praising a Foe in such a stile as this,  
You prove your glory in describing his.  
Heroe's from Heroe's tongues, no Fame e're lost :  
They give praise frankest who deserve it most.

*Zung.* Sir, I remember this brisk Youth, when he  
His charge to you deliver'd, challeng'd me.  
And I by th'Envy of his actions brought,  
Through the whole Battel have the Champion sought.  
But I observe, and wonder for what cause,  
He from that place where-e're I come, with-draws.  
Yet still, to shew, he makes a brave Retreat ;  
When almost within reach of Swords we meet,  
Lays Crouds of slaughter'd Souldiers at my feet.  
As if he meant

By his own Trophies t'have my Chase with-held,  
And bar'd our meeting by the heaps he kill'd.

*Thein.* Charge him once more, and your first Chase renew,  
And try----If above man he be immortal too.

*Zung.* Now if Fate favours me, His Sword I'll try.  
Yet one thing startles me, I know not why,  
When e're I meet him, Arm'd with all the fire  
That Envy can a Souldiers breast inspire,  
His looks disarm me, and my Rage divert :  
I've a desire to vanquish, but not hurt.  
Sure some Divinity restrains my will :  
He's th'only man I'de Conquer, but not Kill.

*Exeunt.*

*After several Excursions, and continued sounds of Trumpets, Enter Amavanga, Vangona, and Women in Mens habit.*

*Am.* Fate, kind Companions of our glorious Toyls,  
On our great Cause and greater Conduct smiles.  
In this day's Action we have Honour won:  
And though our Sex wears Clouds, our Fame wears none.  
Fame th'airy Magick of the great, whose breath  
Does make our Names like Ghosts, walk after death.  
Which to great spirits does this Faith convey:  
To live to morrow, is to dye to day.

*Enter Lycungus.*

*Lyc.* Sir, my great Masters Will I here proclaim,  
Who wishes you Immortal, as your Fame.

*The*

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The King by his Imperial Charge concern'd,  
At what he from this Bloody day has learn'd;  
To the proud *Tartar* has a Herald sent;  
The Fate of lingring Sieges to prevent.  
T'accept a Duel, and their great debate,  
End by a single hand; to finish what  
The tardy Chance of War but longer draws:  
War the Tribunal of a Monarchs Cause:  
Where Might speaks Reason, and where force pleads Law.  
Where often Suits so slow t'a period draw;  
E're the Cause ends, the Pleaders meet their Fates;  
And the Dispute out-lives the Advocates.  
The *Tartar* his Proposals does accept;  
And since Fame has on you such Honours heap'd:  
Our Gracious King excited by the Charm  
Of what Success waits on your Conqu'ring Arm.  
On your brave hand confers this high Renown,  
To win a Lawrel where it saves a Crown.

*Am.* Oh my kind Stars, go let your haft take wings,  
And bear my Thanks back to the best of Kings.  
My Lawrels blossom on my Brows--- But stay,  
With my most humble thanks my Pride convey.  
Tell him a greater and more glorious task  
He could not grant, nor my Ambition ask.

*Lyc.* *Quitazo*, his great General implor'd  
This favour from his hand, t'accept a Sword.  
But his intreaties did successless prove,  
Urg'd by the fondness of the Princess Love.  
Who would not trust her dear *Quitazo's* Fate,  
To the bold chance of such a strict debate.  
Which glorious Charge, your Vallours juster due,  
His Suit rejected, he assigns to you. *Exit.*

*Am.* His thronging favours too Excessive grow.  
Fate never was a Prodigal till now.

*After Shouts heard from a distance, Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Fortune still lays new Honour at your Feet:  
You shall a Noble Adversary meet.  
The *Tartars* in these Shouts speak their applause;  
Proud that their Prince *Zungtem* weds their Cause.

Link't to his Fate, or yours, 'twixt two brave hands  
The Ballance of this mighty Empire stands.

*Am. Zungtew,* Oh the Gods! what have I done!  
'The only man whom I in Arms would shun.  
O'retake the Herauld in his hasty flight,  
And bid him tell the King I will not Fight.

*Vang.* Not Fight?

*Am.* ——— Not with *Zungtew*, call him back.

*Vang.* ——— No, stay.

*Am.* How?

*Vang.* ——— Love Commands what Honour can't obey.  
Would you a generous King so ill requite,  
And check that Fame which takes so high a flight?

*Am.* Oh thou rash Honour, whose too eager Zeal,  
Made me t'a Contract not look't o're set Seal;  
Honour a frantick Lust in Souls sublime,  
Of leaping o're what Prudence stays to climb!  
The King I hope by this time understands,  
That my fierce Answer came from feeble hands.  
And will conclude from my too brisk reply,  
I talk too much to fit a part so high.

*Vang.* Your quick acceptance merits his applause;  
T'have askt your Foe, e're you embrac'd the Cause,  
That were t'have those where safely you might strike:  
Great Valour weighs all Enemies alike.  
You in your swift Compliance have exprest  
Such Gallantry, the King will trust the rest.  
His Confidence no further tryal needs:  
He builds his Faith upon your former Deeds.

*Am.* If in my former Deeds I'm so much blest;  
My Fame and I may now sit down and rest.  
And since I have so many Lawrels wore,  
Tell him I'm modest, and will win no more.

*Vang.* In this Retreat you would your Fame deface,  
And shew you had begun a glorious Race;  
But wanted Courage to pursue the Chase;

*Am.* I'll tell him I'm a Woman, and resign  
To a manly hand, which is too great for mine.

*Vang.* You ought great deeds the rather to pursue;  
As from a Woman they're more rare, and new.



*Am.* I'll tell him I'm a Lover.

*Vang.* ——— That Excuse!

A dangerous suspicion would produce  
Both of your Courage and Allegiance too.  
To own a Love for *China's* mortal Foe,  
Would sound but harshly to the Emperours Ear.  
As if your private fancy you prefer  
Before your Countreys Cause: 'Tis a less blot  
To be an ill Lover, than bad Patriot.

*Am.* I'll tell him then I am——

*Vang.* ——— A Coward.

*Am.* ——— How?

*Vang.* If your fond thoughts to this tame faintness bow,  
Your honour all is at one blast expir'd:  
They'll say e're half your Race was run, you tyr'd.  
And 'tis far less ignoble not to have  
Been ever fam'd, then not continue brave.

*Am.* A Coward!

Who but appears a Coward, though abused,  
Is sentenc'd in his being but accused.  
The Name's almost as heinous as the guilt.  
That Title ruins all my Honour built.  
And if my shrinking thoughts too lowly move,  
I'm impudent if I pretend to Love.  
Coward and Lover are of different kind:  
Love's the most daring passion of the mind.  
'Tis a Majestick and a Royal Guest,  
And scorns to Lodge in an unhallow'd breast.  
Whom Cowardise infects, Love's fire ne'er felt:  
It is the drops of Souls and cannot melt.  
I'll meet him then, and do my self this Right.  
I'll shew that I can Love, 'cause I dare Fight.  
Since I admire a Man so high in Fame,  
I'll keep up Glory to support my flame.

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE the Third.

*Enter Lycungus and Orunda.*

*Orund.* *Quitazo* false!

My greatness and my Love despis'd! and his  
Perfidious heart the fair *Alcinda's* prize!

*Lyc.*



*Lyc.* Their settled Loves Ambition cannot shake;  
Nor all the assaults that Pow'r or Death can make.

*Orund.* Oh my hard fortune: Born so near a Crown,  
And carry no more Thunder in my Frown!  
False and dim Lights, boast your faint Charms no more,  
And feeble greatness thy fallen State deplore.

} pointing to  
her Eyes.

Weak Majesty, and weaker Beauty too!  
A heart I cannot shake I cannot bow!  
None but thy Ruine shall my Rage appease:  
No storms like those which injur'd Lovers raise.  
Poor and Effeminate Revenge stand by:  
No common furies can my Gall supply:  
Rivals best pleasure, Rivals when they dye.

} Is going.

*Lyc.* Stay Injur'd Princess, though in you just Heav'n  
To the World Copies of it self ha's given:  
Should all adore you, Gods were then too kind,  
And have

For you more homage than themselves design'd.  
Beauty like Heav'n so large a sway ne'r bears,  
To make all men Religious worshippers.  
Let my devotion Expiate his Crimes:  
Let me adore what his disdain Blasphemes.

*Orund.* How Sir! Dares your aspiring fancy rove  
So high, t'assault my Ear, attempt my Love!  
My kindness to *Quitaxo* so soon cold.  
Were his heart guarded more than Misers gold,  
Or fighting Monarchs Crowns, his Breast more Steel  
Than Lightning e'r would melt, yet he shall feel  
The fierce Attaque my mighty power shall make.  
But if Love, Rage, Fate and Death's pow'r's too weak:  
If after all, I cannot overcome,  
But by her Murder, and his Martyrdome;  
Were his Ingratitude greater than 'tis,  
Yet still I scorn all other Love but his.

*Exit.*

*Lyc.* Well, what my slighted passion cannot do,  
That end I by Ambition will pursue.  
In sluggish Breasts Love's idle frenzy rules:  
Ambition is the Lust of all great Souls.

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*The Scene opens and discovers the King of China on a Throne,  
Orunda by him.*

*Orund.* Justice, great Sir, on a wrong'd Daughters score,  
From a kind Father I this grace Implore.  
That Justice as a King you can't deny;  
Which lends Heav'n Thunder, and you Majesty.  
The false *Quitazo* my just right denys;  
He does my Love and your Commands despise: }  
And pays his homage to *Alcinda's* Eyes. }

*Lycun.* Whatsoever doom your Justice shall decree,  
She is secured, and waits her destiny.

*King.* Is Insolence so high, and King so low?  
That to my will his Pride disdains to bow!  
My Power by a Mortal and a Subject dar'd  
Kings, and out-live that minute we are fear'd!  
Crafty *Quitazo* does my Army lead:  
That shelter for a while protects his Head.  
But for his guilt to their quick Graves I'll send  
All that but call him Brother, Son, or Friend.  
I'll punish his Affront on his whole Race,  
And from Man-kind his hated Name deface.  
*Alcinda's* Blood first Expiates her sin:  
Her strangled Pride shall the first Scene begin:  
And to confirm my Rage, I'll pluck out all  
Their Eyes, that shed a Tear to see her fall.

[ *Whispers to  
one of his Attendants.* Exit.

*Orund.* This is too much: So many Bleed? How high  
Does th'anger of Affronted Monarchs flye?  
Whole Families destroy'd! his Rage so loud!  
Her Murder will be lost in such a Croud.

*Lyc.* But in that Croud your hated Rival dyes.

*Orund.* Yes, to his Rage, not mine, a Sacrifice.

*Enter Alcinda pursued by Mutes, who entering kneels to  
the King.*

*Alc.* Of your displeasure what can be the cause?  
I am too young to break Imperial Laws.

*King.* Why tardy Slaves this insolent delay?  
Take her and strangle her.

*Orund.* ——— No, great Sir, stay.

Revenge

Revenge and Justice in this Cause are mine.  
 And though my thoughts no mercy do design,  
 My Anger's yet too cold to see her fall.  
 To my Remembrance first his scorn I'll call:  
 Then sound her heart; and when  
 I from her Bosom have those Secrets drawn,  
 Which yours and my Divinity profane.  
 When my rack'd Eares have heard all that may swell  
 My Vengeance to th'highest Rage on this side Hell:  
 Then when my heated Pride to Fury turns,  
 Her breath shall blow that fire in which she burns.  
 They best the dictates of Revenge fulfil,  
 Who Sentence in hot Blood, and raging Kill.

*King.* Your Courage pleads so well, and nobly too;  
 That Justice I design'd, I leave to you.  
 But dare not see it acted, but retire,  
 Lest I should envy what I now admire. *Exit. King.*

*Orund.* Madam, you've Beauty which should hearts engage,  
 And claim the spoils due to a blooming Age.  
 And 'mongst the Captives, which your Fetters wear,  
*Quitazo* pays his humble homage there.

*Alc.* *Quitazo*! Oh what Bliss dwells in that Name!  
*Quitazo* is a Prince deserv's more Fame  
 Than Conquer'd Crowns, or Conquer'd Hearts can yeeld.  
 But if he ne'r so large an Empire held,  
 O're Souls more Proud, and Beautys more Divine;  
 He'd triumph only, that he Raigns in mine.

*Orund.* I have my wish; she has not learnt the Art, [*aside.*]  
 To mask her thoughts, I shall disclose her heart,  
 And Madam as you'r blest with Youth and Charms,  
 And softness fit for a young Lovers Arms:  
 No doubt you finding Providence so kind,  
 Know for what use such Blessings are design'd.  
 Does not a silent wish, and warm desire  
 Tell you 'tis pitty so much Youthful fire,  
 To distant Gazers that approach no nigher,  
 Should rise each Morning, and each Evening set,  
 And wast in giving only light, not heat?  
 And so your yeelding kindness do's ordain,  
*Quitazo* shall that Vanquish't Empire gain.

*Alc.*

*Alc.* I understand not what desires you mean.  
 I know I have a heart does entertain  
 All that may make him happy, all that may  
 In Love's bright Temple shine, in meeting Souls look gay.  
 All that may make me wish——

*Orund.* Oh she Stabs me.

[*aside.*

*Alc.*——— You would forgive,  
 I only for his sake desire to live.

*Orund.* Yes you shall live——

——— A minute, and that's all, }  
 If I hold out so long before her fall. }  
 But what return has your affection had?

*aside.*

*Alcind.* The best and kindest that Man-kind e'r made.  
 He tells me of arm'd Deities that fly  
 Invisible betwixt my Lip and Eye;  
 Of young wing'd Boys, and felt but unseen fire;  
 Of little pains which 'gainst his Rest conspire.  
 And yet we feel no pains but what we make:  
 And those are pleasant for their Author's sake.  
 And thus with all that our full joys can raise,  
 We Gaze and Languish, Talk, and Sigh whole days.  
 But when the Night, the Night draws on———

*Orund.*——— What then?

*Alcind.* We part as if we ne'r should meet agen.

*Orund.* Revenge thou hast enough. Fond Girie, how dare  
 You reach at Glory's I design to wear?  
 But your own breath's your Sentence. Slaves go on.

{ *To the  
 Muses.*

*Alcin.* Oh Madam, save my Life———

*Orund.*——— Let it be done,  
 She cannot dye quick, you kill too soon.

*Alc.* Hold, Villains, hold; low at your Feet I lye.  
 Ah Madam, I can Love, but cannot dye.

*Orund.* No more.

*Alc.*——— First hear me.

*Orund.*——— Well, what can you say?

*Alcind.* All just Commands for Life I will obey.

*Orund.* Will you Resign?———

*Alcind.*——— Resign!——— I'll yeeld you shall  
 Have all *Quitazo's* breast can grant ye. All

His

His Friendship, Gratitude—

*Orund.* ————And Love ?

*Alcind.* ————And Love can pay.

You shall his humble hearts Allegiance sway.

And what no disobedience can destroy,

You shall his kindness and his smiles enjoy.

*Orund.* And is this all ?

*Alcind.* No, you shall sit and gaze, and at his sight  
See day in his calm brow, a full clear light.

Where bright and gentle Beams, and wanton Darts,

Shall sport, and play, and steal from eyes to hearts :

Then you shall hear him speak words so refin'd,

Language so Ravishing, a style so kind,

That in the Raptures of a Bliss so high,

You'll doubt which tastes most Heav'n, your Face or Eye.

And after all, you shall enjoy these Charms,

To Love him-----and admire him-----in my Arms.

*Orund.* Your Arms ! Oh Rage !

*Alcind.* My Arms ! why then you did design ;  
That he should rest in any Armes but mine ;

Oh no ! you said it but to fright me sure ;

You cannot wish him so unkind. He Swore

He'd rest in none but mine ; and those, they say,

Who do their Sacred Vows and Oaths betray,

Shall meet with Curses, and black frightful things,

And horrid fear which perjur'd Bosoms stings.

But since his Vow's performance will remove

Those ills, and you pretend to so much Love :

Your Love is not so mean, nor Cruel sure,

To let him suffer Ills, which I can Cure.

*Orund.* 'Tis done, Revenge at last has got the day:

Her Innocence shall no more her Death delay.

Here Kill, Stab, Strangle, any thing—

*Alcind.* Murdrers, come :

I've vanquish'd fear, and I embrace my Doom.

Here Villains, Kill, Stab, Strangle ; all

Is for his Love a Sacrifice too small.

Now all the Trophy your high Pride shall have ;

Shall be to walk Triumphant o're my Grave.

I value his least look so high-----

That Love and Fear shall be no more at strife ;



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I will not quit a Smile to save a Life.

Here Ministers of Fate, make hast——

*Orund.*———No, Live.

I for your Courage do your Crime forgive.

None but your height of Love has sav'd your Head.

Live, and Love on; for it shall ne'r be said,

*Orunda* could perform so mean a part,

To kill a Rival to subdue a Heart.

I'll take a harder, but a nobler course:

And though, as the King's Daughter, I by force

Could make him yeeld; that intrest I'll resign:

My Merit, not my Pow'r, shall make him mine.

Use all your Arts, all your united pow'rs:

My Love and kindness shall out-balance yours.

No injur'd Lover could so gen'rous be,

To save a Sentenc'd Rivals Life like me.

Yet in that Siege I'll lay to his proud breast,

Of my great deeds thy pardon is the least.

Go then and Love him; but acquaint your feet

With such by-Paths, that we may never meet.

Take hence that sight. Those Eyes too clearly shine;

And that, which lights his Bosom, darkens mine.

*Exit Alcinda.*

Say, Sir, my mercy how do you approve?

'Tis for my Honour, and I hope my Love.

*Quitazo*, if he ought that's brave regard,

This generous Act must gratefully reward.

*Lyc.* Yes, doubt it not, you will not find him rude:

Nor is he guilty of Ingratitude.

He will requite your kindness and your charms.

*Orun.* But when?——

*Lyc.*———This day

*Orun.*———Where?

*Lyc.*———In *Alcinda's* Arms.

Her Woman, Madam, is my Confident;

And has but now this private Message sent:

*Quitazo* has an Assignment made,

To meet his Mistress in a silent shade;

The place where the Scene's laid.



The Pagode-Grove upon the Sacred Mount,  
Without the Eastern gate, and this account  
'Tis brings him there to defie King, Laws, Fate,  
And all that may disturb their happy State.  
And thus remov'd, her person he'll secure  
From danger of an Angry Rival's pow'r.

*Orun.* Why was this Cursed News no sooner told?  
Doe's she her Life from my high Bounty hold?  
Did I permit her Love, nay and command it too?  
And can she treacherously her Love pursue?  
I gave her leave to Conquer but not steal.  
Mercy, henceforth the Attribute of Hell,  
Hast thou betray'd me?  
Revenge shall in thy Room this Seat Supply:  
*Alcinda* by *Orunda's* Hand shall Dye.  
Tell me *Lycungus* by what means I may  
My Fury to her Trembling Soul display:  
This Woman in his Fond Embrace Surprize,  
And tear her Heart before her Lovers Eyes.

*Lyc.* Should your Hand execute a Criminal's Doom;  
'Twould not your Greatness nor your Sex become:  
That Justice then t'a meaner Hand resign:  
Be yours the Glory, let the Toyl be mine.  
Trust it to me.

*Orun.* ————— Doe't then, but do it so,  
I may applaud and envy at the Blow.

*Lyc.* Whil'st they sit dallying in a Close Embrace;  
I'th Grove an Ambush of Arm'd Men I'll place,  
Who from his Arms his amorous Prey shall snatch,  
And down her Throat a pois'nous Draught dispatch,  
To summon out her Soul to that low'r Shade,  
Where Wrongs of injur'd Majesty are paid.

*Orun.* See instantly the Fatal Draught prepar'd:  
And take a Princess thanks for a Reward.

[Exit.]

*Lyc.* Ye Gods of *China*, if you are such tame  
And inoffensive things, as our *Priests* frame,  
Whose Pious Eares and Eyes and tender Sense  
Delights in nought but Good and Innocence:  
Draw back your Sun, and vele your selves in night:  
I shall A&t Deeds, which all weak Eyes will fright.

But if the Nature of your God - Heads be  
 Couragious, savage, fierce and bold like me.  
 Heav'n wear no Clouds, and Gods take a full view:  
 Look and Admire at what my Hand dares doe.

[ *Exit.**Re-enter Orunda.*

*Orun.* Poyson'd and I not there! Though Modesty  
 T'a Female Hand that Vengeance do's deny;  
 In a Disguise I'll meet 'em in the Grove  
 Spectatour to this Horrid Scene of Love.  
 And if the weaker Potion can't suffice,  
 I will make up the Poyson from my Eyes.

[ *Exit.**Enter Quitazo and Alcinda.*

What angry Murmur do's disturb your Mind,  
 To blame a Fate so Glorious and so Kind  
 Rais'd to an Empire, and a Princess Arms,  
 Beyond the Reach of my more Humble Charms?  
 What sawcy Trouble dares Create your Frown.  
 Can Sighs or Sorrow dwell so neer a Crown?

*Quit.* Do not so Cruelly my Misfortunes treat,  
 Who owe my Ruine to my being Great.  
 Though a King's Heir, and Empire's Favourite,  
 I am not brighter for such Rays of Light.  
 I'm darkned by the Lustre I have won;  
 As *Moore*s are Black by being too near the Sun.  
 But do not fear that Seat your Power secur's,  
 His Empire Madam shall not Ruine yours.  
 My heart shall wear no Chain's, but what you gave,  
 Kings may our Bodies not our Souls Enslave.

*Alcin.* Boast not that Constancy your Soul will keep  
 For when *Quitazo* in her Arms shall sleep;  
 You nor your Dreams so kind will scarcely prove,  
 To loose one Thought on my forgotten Love.  
 Though me, poor me, you with unkindness kill,  
 Yet my good Wishes wait upon you still.  
 And when ————

In her high Arms I view you from a far,  
 A Princess Husband, and an Empires Heir:  
 He Mourn to quit you, but be Proud to see  
 You Happy, though for ever lost to me.

*Quit.* Why did you suffer me to go, when I  
With Tears implor'd your leave to stay and dy?  
Let Law and King have done the worst they cou'd:  
It had been juster t'have expos'd my Blood,  
Than but the hazard of your Loss have stood.

*Alcin.* Talk not of Death—the Death of my Dear Lord.  
Oh 'tis halfe dying but to hear the Word!  
I love your Life so well, that, Sir, you know  
To save your Life, 'twas I that bid you go.  
I knew at worst 'twould a less Torture be  
To see you live for her than dye for me.  
Besides all Women choose not with one voice.  
She in that number might have mist my Choice.  
But Oh! she saw you in a Fatal Hour:  
And since your Love or Life's not in my Power:  
Dear Sir choose Life, Do not my Victim fall.  
Be she and her Crown yours: they must they shall—  
I beg you'd live.

*Quit.* ——— Ah Madam! and can you  
Command me to be false?

*Alcin.* ——— Yes Sir I do.  
Owe her your Life; Live hers, and happy Reign.  
I bid you doe't---as much as e're I can.

*Quit.* I rather will the utmost hazard Run,  
Than yield to be by Loyalty undone.  
No, for my Constancy this way I'll choose,  
This Day he must his Empire save or loose.  
If Fate, as, ye kind Pow'rs, I hope it will,  
On his just cause and his great Champion smile:  
His Peace recover'd, my Commission dyes.  
And when I have no further Services  
T'oblige my Country or defend my King,  
Then Conqu'ring Beauty shall it's Triumph Sing.  
Retir'd from Court wee'l to some Cell remove,  
And what we loose in Greatness gain in Love.  
But if ( which Heav'n forbid ) he is O'rthrown,  
Then I more Safely may my passion own,  
And stand his Anger when his Thunder's gon.

*Alcin.* If you prove true ( a Work I fear too hard )  
Your Faith I shall admire, and Heav'n Reward.

But if the Love, which once to me you gave,  
Must in her Kind Embraces find a Grave:  
I'll borrow Life enough on Earth to stay,  
Till I have seen your Fatal Nuptial Day.  
And at that Minute when the Sacred Rite  
(My title Cancell'd) do's your Hands unite,  
What I want Breath to speak, my Looks shall tell,  
And take——

Of your departing Love a long Fare-well.

Then, if my Heart——

Be not quite broke, to your Bed-side I'll come,  
And wait on your dead Kindness to it's Tomb.

Then from my Rival I'll this favour win,  
Which both of you may grant without a Sin,  
I will sleep by you,---but ne'r wake agin.

I Love so well, I can your Crime forgive:

But Love too well, that pardon to Out-live.

But lest my Ghastly Looks,——

When I am dead, should your New Mistress fright,  
And Rob you of one Minute of Delight:

I'll dress my Brow so gay, I'll Death beguile,  
Breath out my Soul, expiring in a Smile.

*Quit.* Oh my dear Prince's, if my King Decree  
I must his Son or else his Martyr be:

I will my self but not my Love resign:

I'll Set in Glory, where I cannot Shine,

And Fate so Charming—— but what Bliss more High

Is't to live yours, if 'tis so great to dye. *[Exit.]*

## The Fourth ACT. Scene the First.

*Enter Amavanga and Vangona.*

*Amav.* **W**Hy has hard Fate so strange a Subject chose,  
To Make two Lovers meet like Mortal Foes?  
I by *Zungteus* Hand, or he by mine,  
Must on this place our dying Breaths Resigne.

*Vang.*

*Yang.* But she, whose Hand dares in a Single Fight  
Maintain her Countries and an Empires Right,  
Deserves the best and bravest of Mankind.  
And though wild Chance him for your Foe design'd:  
The Glory of the Deed takes off the Crime :  
Fighting your Lover you best merit him.

*Am.* Well since 'tis past Retreat—  
I'll make this Glorious Tryal of my Love ;  
If *Amavanga's* Arme Victorious prove,  
My King Reveng'd, and *China's* Peace restor'd,  
I'll find this Second Subject for my Sword.

{ Points to  
her heart.

And if it be his Fate to kill, I'll try  
If after me h'has Love enough to dy:  
Then to the Skyes together we'll take Flight,  
As Conqu'rouers, and be Crown'd with Wreaths of Light.  
Since for our Loves the World no Room has giv'n,  
Dying we will Remove the Scene to Heav'n.  
We'll Shine the brightest Pair that Reign Above ;  
No such twin-Stars, as those that dy in Love.

*Enter Theinmingus, Zungteus, Palexus, and Tartars on  
one side.*

*King of China, Quitazo, Licungus, and Guards of Chineses  
on the other side.*

*Amavanga, Vangona, Zungteus, and Palexus with drawn  
Swords advance into the middle of the Stage. A He-  
rauld with a large Parchment-Roll at the further  
end of the Stage faces the Audience.*

*Thein.* In Prefence of both Armies, Heav'n, and you,  
I solemnly my former Oath Renew :  
That at his Victory, , and our Defeat  
I from your Empire will in Peace Retreat :  
To all those Articles contain'd I yield :  
All your Demolish't Citys I'll rebuild.

*King of C* If in this Fight Fate on our Champion frown,  
*China* S We're Tributaries to the Tartar Crown

*Thein.* The next thing is, it lies in your free Choice  
To fight with Seconds, or without.

*Zung.* ————— Your Voice ?  
Are you for Seconds ?

*Amav.*

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*Amav.* ————— Seconds! — are Men grown  
Such Cowards that they dare not dy alone?  
Beasts fight in heards: and when Men are so Rude  
To decide Quarrels by a Multitude;  
When snatch't at by so many Hands, a way  
So Savage, Honor's not a Price, but Prey.

*Palex.* But Sir by Custom, and by friendship's Laws,  
We plead a Seconds Right in a Friends Cause.

*Am.* Such Men true Friendship never understood,  
Who basely with their own mix their Friends Blood.  
Seconds! th'Invention of some Coward Hand,  
By Customary Barb'rousness maintain'd;  
Which all Heroick Spirits must disown,  
Who borrow others Courage doubt their own.  
Decrepit Age may with Brisk Seconds fight,  
And Wink and Conquer, if their Arms hit right.  
No Sir, I beg yours and these Monarchs leave,  
That from our Single Hands they would their Fates receive.

*Zung.* Agreed.

*Thein. & King of China.]* Agreed.

*Thein.* Draw off, and at the Trumpets sound  
Prepare your Entries first, then choose your Ground.

*Am.* Sir I request your Promise, if I fall  
To let him give me Private Funeral. [Pointing to Van.

*After the Sound of Trumpets they Fight, and Amavanga falls.*

*The Tartars Shout.*

*Am.* Draw nearer, Sir, and know these Closing Eyes:  
'Twould be unkind to dye in a Disguise.  
Empty of blood my Veins with Love are fill'd;  
I'm Charm'd even by that Courage——

I am kill'd.

*Zung.* My *Amavanga* dead! and by my Hand!  
Oh! Envious Gods with fatal Planet Raign'd  
Ore this Black Day. Could any thing, but Hate  
And Scorne to me, make you Embrace this Fate,  
To Chuse your Murder from no Hand but this?

*Am.* Hold Sir, t'accuse now I'm dying is  
A Sound too harsh t'a breaking Lover's Heart.  
So long a Farewell and unkindly Part!



Do not Repine at this Unhappy Blow ;  
 Think what Devotion to my King I owe.  
 Nothing but Loyalty and Honour's Laws  
 Engag'd me in this Great but Fatal Cause.  
 Do not Deplore my Fate, it is a Grace too High ;  
 I've lost an Empire and deserve to dy.  
 My Conscious Soul do's all my stains recount,  
 And blush to look on Heav'n, where it would mount.  
 But if Heav'n's Mercy any Room can spare,  
 To let a Worthless Guest inhabit there ;  
 My Soul shall bear thy Image to the Sky,  
 I'll grasp thee till I reach Eternity ;  
 And when I'm there, if Love so far can view :  
 Look up to me ; as I'll look down to you.

[ *dyes.*

*Zung.* Her Sacrilegious Murder do's present  
 All Horrors, that Distraction can invent,  
 Or Torture's yield : My stagg'ring Frame's ill built ;  
 And takes Convulsions from the Wounds she felt.

*Palex.* Restrain your Passion, Let it ne'r be said,  
 You plaid the Lover in an Armies Head.

*Zung.* Gods! ———

*Thein.* Now by the Justice of our stronger Cause  
 You must submit t'obey your Conqu'rous Laws.

*K. of China.* ] What I have sworn, I never dare ~~all~~ back.

*Zung.* Then Sir that Oath you swore, 'tis I dare break.  
 Be still a Monarch ——— [ *Tears the Articles*  
 You shall not shrink thus tamely from a Throne,  
 Nor quit one Gemm that sparkles in a Crown.

*Thein.* How Traytor !

*Zung.* ———— No, I'm *China's* Mortal Foe :  
 But 'tis a Debt I to my Honour owe  
 To give him back the forfeit of his Crown.  
 And to maintain his and my own Renown,  
 I'll stake my Life and Soul, and lend my Sword  
 To Guard that Throne my bounty has restor'd.

*Thein.* Great Gods ! what black Offences have I done,  
 To find so great a Traytor in a Son ?  
 The Name of Son he ha's too long possess'd ;  
 Direct your Swords at the bold Rebels Brest.

*Zung.*

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*Zung.* First hear me Sir, and then my Life I'll yield.  
To my Disgrace I have a Woman kill'd.

*Alc.* A Woman!

*Zung.* But it shall never stain my past Renown  
To say I fought with Women for a Crown.  
I set such Rate on Kings, though Enemies,  
That though my mounting Pride at Empire flies:  
Yet my Ambition has this Virtue taught,  
I scorn to wear a Crown so cheaply bought.  
Once more then for my Honour and your own  
Choose out a Manly Hand to Guard your Throne.  
Choose out a Champion from your Armies Head;  
With him once more my former Cause I'll plead.  
Let our too Swords renew this great debate:  
And turn the Scale of Empires by our Fate.

*Quit.* Sir, Let my Hand that glorious Cause decide.

*King of S. Quitazo* hold; that Suite must be deny'd.

*China.* No, I have found his Virtue so Sublime,  
I dare not trust my Cause a Second time.

*Zungteu* has a mind so God-like, great,  
And Generous, he can no Equal meet.  
When e'er he fights, unmatch'd he has the Odds;  
Who fights with him makes War against the Gods.  
For sure their Deities must take his side,  
Whose Soul is to their Heav'n so near ally'd.  
I'll trust my Fate to no more single Hands:  
But bow to what this Conqu'ring Commands.

*Zung.* If then you dare not trust a single Sword,  
Be in your Pallace-Walls again secur'd.  
The former Truce we made remains this Night:  
And the next Morning's Sun Renews the Fight.  
If through the Camp you doubt in your Retreat  
Your Person's safety to the City Gate:

To You ———

I and my Army shall this Homage pay,  
Your Foes to morrow, but your Guards to day.

*King of S.* Brave Conqu'ring ———

*China.* Had you of this Days Fate th' Advantage took,  
You from my Hand had *China's* Scepter struck.

But they to th' highest Pitch of Conquest Rise,  
Who the Reward of Conquest can despise. [Exit King  
of China attended.

*Thein.* Zungteus Deeds, and Glories are above  
The Payment of a King and Fathers Love.  
I could call back my Youth, and wish to be  
Thy Brother only, to act Deeds like thee.

*Manent only* Zungteus, Palexus, Vangona, who offers to  
carry off Amavanga.

*Zung.* Hold your Rude Hands, —  
And take me with her.

*Vang.* 'Twas our Queen's Last Will,  
Which you are bound by Promise to fulfill,  
That if 'twere by your Sword her Chance to fall,  
My hand should give her private Funeral.

*Zung.* Spight of my Vow, I'll follow her; for him,  
Who commits Murder, Perjury's no Crime.  
Nor is this all I'll do; for when I have  
Attended my Dead Princess to her Grave;  
By the same Instrument her Death has giv'n,  
I'll send my Soul to wait on her to Heav'n.  
But if the Stubborn God's refuse t' admit  
A Profane Murderer into Heav'n's blest Seat;  
A Banish't Ghost I'll wander through the Sky,  
And Proclaim them worse Murderers than I.  
Unknown my Hand did this black Crime commit,  
But they both knew, and saw, and suffer'd it.  
I'll follow her though all. — [Enter a Tartar.

*Tart.* Zungteus Hold.  
Your Kindness by your Father is Control'd.  
He for to Morrow's Fight do's now prepare,  
Has call'd a Counsel and expects you there.  
You straight to his Pavilion must retire.

*Zung.* My Duty do's against my Love conspire.  
My Father is too Old to understand  
That Force which do's a Lover's thoughts command.  
Fare-well brave Maid; a Grave's too narrow Room;  
Oh that I thus might make my Arms thy Tomb!

*Exit Vangona and her Attendants, carrying out  
Amavanga*

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She gone, my Rage swells higher than before.  
Now Love Commands, and Duty Reigns no more:  
Love Calls, and Fathers now must wait: I'll be  
Both Priest and Offering, great Saint, to thee.

[Offers to  
fall upon his Sword.

*Palex.* Reflect on your Great Deeds, and as Great Birth;  
And think how much it will Eclipse your Worth,  
When you give Fame or Envy leave to say,  
That Grief a Womans Passion had the Pow'r  
To kill a General and a Conquerour.  
Whil'st his Faint Soul shrunk to'th lowest Ebb of Fear,  
Chose Death to ease the Torment of a Tear.

*Zung.* You know 'tis false, and the World knows it too,  
Fame to my Death will give a name more due;  
A Just and Expiating Sacrifice,  
When by my Hand my Mistress Murd'rer dyes.

*Pal.* T'excuse your Crime think how her Fall was wrought:  
Her Death was her's, and not *Zung's* Fault.  
You sought but Conquest of an unknown Foe:  
But since she did your Love and Person know,  
And with that Knowledge with *Zung's* fought,  
She for your Murder, not your Conquest sought.  
Death justly then her Malice doe's conclude,  
As a Reward of her Ingratitude.

*Zung.* How, impious man! Gods! do I live to find  
Worse Monsters than my self amongst Mankind:  
Unknown I to her heart a passage found:  
Thy profane Breath her Living Fame do's wound.  
Draw then thy Traitor's Sword, as I do mine.  
Two greater Villains ne'r could Combat joyn.  
Dear *Amavanga*, now look down and see  
Me fall for Murder, him for Blasphemy.

*Palex.* If any thing within my Heart you doubt,  
Open my Veins, kind Sir, and let it out.  
If ought you like not lodge within this Breast,  
Destroy the Seat, that harbour's that ill Guest.

*Zung.* No: you've disarm'd my Rage, and now I find  
Your Love to me made you to her unkind.  
But speak such words no more, Oh! do not wound  
My trembling Sense with such another sound.

When

When next into your Bosome some Blest thought  
Has *Amavanga's* Glorious Image brought,  
Think nothing of her but what's great, and good.  
Think of her as my Queen, that set in Blood.  
Your Friend this Justice to her Fame implores,  
Do not profane that Saint your Friend adores.  
To so much Heav'n your pity nor your praise,  
Can never a too Glorious Altar raise.  
No Language is too kind, nor stile too high,  
To speak the Fame of Beauties, when they dy.

Enter *Theinmingus*.

*Thein*. With Admiration I've a Witness been,  
Of your loud Passion for the Vanquish'd Queen.  
Astonish'd Fame speaks high —

*Zung*. ————— To speak more high,  
I lov'd that Queen, and for her Love must dy.

*Thein*. ————— ~~Yes, Dy a degenerate Boy.~~  
Traytor! Is this a Language for my Son?  
Wher's all the martial *Tartar's* Greatness gone?  
Such an Effeminate design will shame  
Thy sleeping Ancestors untainted Fame.  
This Action, thy more Masc'line mothers Ghost  
Will Blush at, and disturb her Crumbling Dust.

*Zung*. Oh my hard Fate! is this a fathers Voice?

*Thein*. Bid Crowns farewell, Embrace thy humbler Choice?  
Thy poor low spirited Design, to Dy  
Kill'd by a Wound — given by a Ladies Eye.  
A Death worthy a Soldier.

*Zung*. ————— Sir no more.  
Can you place Crimes upon Devotions Score?  
Am I the first Rais'd Altars to a Face?  
And are none Lovers but the Vile and Base?  
Think you Love's Power the Valiant cannot touch?

*Thein*. The Great and Valiant feel't, but not too much.  
None but a Fool a dang'rous Stranger takes,  
And yields that Seat which his own Tyrant makes.

*Zung*. It is a lawful Power not Tyranny,  
That Sentences a Criminal to Dy.



'Twas I that Kil'd her, Sir, and is my Blood  
 T'attone hers a Sacrifice too good?  
 Or is that Justice by your hand withstood?

*Thrin.* Thy Death with-held by me? No, 'tis a Sin,  
 To have that base corrupted Blood kept in.  
 After the Merit of so mean a Thought,  
 Oblige the World and me, and let it out.  
 And when 'tis mixt with dust, may thy just Fame  
 To thy lost Courage and thy slighted Name  
 With Pain keep up thy Memory, and say,  
 Thou couldst a Father and a King betray.  
 Desert a just Revenge, and Royal Cause,  
 And break thy Duty, Honour, Natures Laws;  
 And from a Conqueror turn a Womans slave,  
 To sleep with a cold Mistrefs in a Grave.

*Zung.* Must all these stains be mine? No, Love retreat.  
 Duty and Honour now shall fill your Seat.  
 Love's Power grows weak in --- its declining Cause,  
 From my bar'd Heart the Vanquish't Lord with-draws.  
 Now see your God-like Power, a Fathers Right:  
 Try my new modell'd Soul, shew me that Flight,  
 I dare not take, that Path I dare not tread,  
 Dangers I will not meet, and Glories lead.  
 Sound Loud your Trumpets, Wave your Ensigns high,  
 Go on, for my new Mistres, Victory;  
 Ruine and Blood shall all soft thoughts remove,  
 I'll be as great in Vengeance as in Love.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE the Second, a GROVE.

*Enter Orunda in Disguise.*

*Orun.* By the assistance of this borrow'd shape  
 I from the Court have made a safe Escape.  
 I hope *Lycungus* follows my Command,  
 And th' Ambuscade of Murtherers are at hand.  
 This is th' appointed Hour, and this the Grove.  
*Alcinda* once I bid thee Live and Love.  
 But now to meet him basely in Disguise,  
 To gain a Victory by a Surprize.

My



My Mercy has destroy'd, and you shall Dy.  
And though I to somean a Justice Fly,  
That I to take thy Life thy Poisoner prove,  
I Kill not halfe so poorly, as you Love.

*Enter Quitazo, leading Alcinda in a Shepherdes's Habit.*

Oh this blest Minute, they're already here!  
What Wings has Love ----- when Love's Reward is near?  
Well are they come, I will unseen retire,  
And Laugh to see my subtle Train take Fire.  
We, when our Jealousy ha's Rais'd a Storm,  
Can stare on Ruine in the blackest Form.

*{ Retreats  
within.*

*Alc.* I've heard our Priests relate the wond'rous Loves  
Of Nymphs and Rural Gods in Woods and Groves;  
Made God's by Love, for ever Fair and Young,  
And made Immortal only to Love long.  
If there Inhabit here such Powers as these,  
Whose gloomy Temples are those shady Trees;  
Sure they'll be kind to us who hither come  
Led by that influence, whence they assume  
Their God-heads.

*Quit.* ----- Oh Dear Madam do not fear  
Their Frowns, the Deities are gentle here.  
They are the Gods of Courts that Lovers spight,  
Such as our Priests do paint in forms that fright,  
Fitter to force Devotion than invite:  
But here they are all mild obliging Powers,  
They'll Treat our Loves with favourable Hours.  
They can't do less: No Gods or Saints design,  
To hurt what comes a Pilgrim to their shrine.

*Alc.* But in this Dress do I not fond appear,  
Thus to disguise my self to meet you here?

*Quit.* Oh no; that signal favour you have giv'n,  
Shews that your Kindness is ally'd to Heav'n.  
For thus in borrow'd Shapes the Gods of old  
In Masquerade did their Love-Parleys hold.  
In this Disguise you may securely Fly  
From a Kings Pow'r and Jealous Princess Eye.  
Farewel th' Alliance to a Throne; for now  
Love Crowns the Soul, and Honour but the Brow.

*Exeunt Quitazo and Alcinda, and Re-enter Orund.*

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*Orund.* Am I suspected that they're gon so soon?  
But where are all these Lazy Poisoners gone?  
Perfidious Villaines, mercenary Slaves,  
Had ye half that Rage, with which your Princess Raves,  
You'd use more Hast to execute my will;  
They will be gone ere I have Power to Kill.  
Ho! Poysoners, Rebels, Slaves; Ye Gods be kind,  
And to my Arme one Dart of Lightning lend,  
That I may Reach her ere she's gone too far.

*Enter a Company of Villains.*

*1 Vill.* Yonder she is —

———— That must be she, that Face  
Has Woman in't; Besides the Garb and Place  
Confirm it; and 'tis now the safest Time:  
The Silence of the Place protects the Crime.

*{ Advance to-  
wards her.*

*Orund.* Why, Tardy Slaves, did you the Deed defer?  
Or is't the Name of Murder makes you fear?  
Traytors make hast.

*1 Vill.* Well Madam, you shall know,  
We are not in the Execution slow.

*Orund.* Let it be quickly done, ere 'tis too late:  
This happy Deed I with Impatience wait.

*1 Vill.* If you're in Hast of Heaven, we should be rude  
And guilty of a strange Ingratitude,  
To stay you; rather than your Patience wrong,  
Here take that Happiness, for which you long.

*[ Offers her  
a Bowl of Poison.*

*Orund.* Heav'ns! —

*1 Vill.* Do you Pause? Madam, I understand  
Your Modesty permits not your own Hand,  
To do that Friendly Office; since you are  
So Critical, we'll ease you of that care.

*Orund.* Am I your sport? Rebels expound this Mask,  
Or is th' abuse of Majesty a task —  
For such Low Slaves?

*1 Vill.* ——— Nay, Madam, if we thought  
Your Curious Appetite dislik'd this Draught,

Well

We'll find some Instrument that's more Gentle;  
If you dis-relish Poyson, we have Steel.

{ They draw their  
Daggers.

*Orun.* I am your Princess, Murderer's, you'll find  
That Present for *Alcinda* was design'd.

*I Vil.* Yes, and *Alcinda* shall this Present take.

*Orun.* And am I she? Dull Slaves, are you awake?

*I Vil.* We are too well rewarded to mistake.

We know Life's sweet, and you (if we'll believe)  
Are Prince or Princess, any thing to live.

*Orun.* Will you not know me? then are you thus drest  
In Earnest?

*I Vil.* Why is Poysoning a Jest?

*Orun.* Can your Blind Rage? ———

*I Vil.* You have no time to Pause;

Madam, your Life's too short t'enquire the Cause.

*Orun.* I am your Queen; Rude Savage Villains, hold.

*I Vil.* Madam, we own no Sovereign but Gold.

*Orun.* Traytors, stand off, help, Murder, Monsters, stay.

*I Vill.* We have no Will nor Leasure to obey.

If you Resist ———

*Orun.* I'll give you such Rewards, let me but Live —

*I Vill.* In vain you Ask what we want time to give.

*Orund.* Oh do but hear; by all that's great and good.

*I Vill.* No: Prayers are things we never understood.

*Orun.* Oh let me Speak ———

*I Vill.* ——— You've Spoke your last.

If you'll speak more, first Dy,

Then send your Ghost to make us a Reply.

*Orund.* Give me the Poyson: Rather than I will

Permit such mean hands should their Princess Kill,

I'll in my Murder my own Hand Engage,

'Thus quench my Thirst of Blood, and end my Rage.

*Drinks the Poyson.*

*The Villains Run away.*

Ha, are the Poysoners gone? Can their Eyes shun

The Horror of that Deed their hands have done?

Thus they, who some high Tow'r have undermin'd,

The Train once fir'd, and the great Blow design'd,

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Fly from the danger of its shaking walls,  
Lest they should be Crush'd with it, when it Falls.  
The subtle Poison through my Veins distills,  
It sets me all on Flames, and burning kills,  
But though my Life does in this Heat expire,  
My Hearts a Martyr to a Nobler Fire.  
Here in *Quitazo's* fancied Armes she Lies,  
Who thuts his Image in her Closing Eyes.  
*Alcinda's* Passion I in Death Out-vie,  
Who Blest but with Imaginary Blifs can die!

*Enter Lycungus with the former Villains.*

*1 Vill.* See the Works done; there's your Command fulfill'd.

*Lyc.* 'Tis well---- Oh Curse! they have th' Princess kill'd.

*1 Vill.* The Princess --- 'Tis a Woman in disguise,  
And 'tis by that Description that she Dies.

But if you have misguided us ---

And 'tis some other Friend that wants a Grave,  
You need but shew me her, I am your Slave.

*Lyc.* By her rash Zeal to see her Rivall bleed,  
Fate by mistake ha's her own Death Decreed.

*1 Vill.* But what Acquaintance had I with that Face,  
To know distinctions in so nice a Case?

*Lyc.* From her own Mouth could you not understand?  
Did she not bid you hold your Barb'rous hand?  
Check your fierce Rage, she was the Princess?

*1 Vill.* True --- But  
Had you been in her Case, if that would do,  
You would have said, you'd been a Princess too.

*Orun.* Oh false *Lycungus* ---

*Lycun.* I am not Author of this dire mischance,  
But those dull Villains bruitish Ignorance.

*1 Vill.* Yes Madam, but your Pardon I implore:  
You're the first Princess I ere kill'd before.

Though murd'ring I have my profession made;  
No Artist but may fail once in his Trade.  
A damn'd dull, foolish --- but Hang't let it die:  
'Tis a mistake not worth your Memory.

*Lyc.* This fatal Chance ---

*Orun.* --- No more; I'm too near Heaven,  
Not to have Mercy now; your Crime's forgiven,

If you'll but grant this last Request, and I  
T' express my Gratitude will smiling die.

*Quitazo* is not yet far from this place.

Through this Close Walk his wandering footsteps trace,

And bring him hither: Could I bless my sight

One Minute more ere 'tis all dark but night.

*Lyc.* Madam I'll Find him out.

*Orund.* But quick, make haste,

Ere the last Summons of my Death are past.

*Enter Quitazo and Alcinda behind the Trees in the*

SCENE.

*Lyc.* Kind Stars, yonder he walks. [*Exit with the Villains.*]

*Orund.* *Quitazo* Stay,

In thy Lov'd Arms, let but my Soul take Wing,

And Death and Poison then shall want their sting.

If you'll direct but one kind Look this way,

My Gain's in Death my Loss of Life shall pay.

*Enter Lycungus with Quitazo and Alcinda.*

*Quit.* Poison'd by her own Hand, and for my sake!

*Lyc.* Yes Sir, by all the Guess that I can make.

Despair in Love doe's at no Horrors shake.

*Orun.* *Quitazo*, my *Quitazo*.—

*Quit.* Madam tell

By what Misfortunes so much Beauty fell.

What fatal Reason, nay what God durst see

And suffer such a Barb'rous Cruelty?

Her fainting Breath's retir'd again.

*Orun.* No, I

Have Breath enough to tell you that I die;

And though my little beauty wanted power

To be th' unkind *Quitazo's* Conquerour,

When I am Dying be not Cruel now;

Let me your Heart bat for one hour subdue.

And Dead I shall not claim your being true.

Hers must your Love, and hers your pleasures be;

But dedicate a Sigh, a Tear, to me.

Kind Heaven, he weeps — Thus happy in the Charms

Of dying in my dear *Quitazo's* Arms;

My parting Soul, when it does upwards go,

Shall keep th' impression which it took below.



Fill'd with the Bliss from this soft pity given,  
I'll by my Joys on Earth make up my Heaven.

[ *Dies.*

*Quit.* Unhappy Princess, to bestow a heart  
On one that had none left for thee; No part  
Of thy two Prodigal Smiles paid back again!  
Shee that deserv'd so much, so little win!  
Thy Fall was Cruel, and my Fate was hard  
To want the Power such Kindness to Reward.  
Such Pious Griefs I'll pay thy Sacred Name;  
Such Tears, as even thy Rival shall not blame.

*Alc.* No, shed a thousand Tears, Dear Sir, You must.  
It will indear my Love to see you just.  
You can't enough Deplore her wretched Fate.  
Bow down in Grief, and Sink under the Weight;  
And when you're Drown'd in Sorrow, be the Pain  
And Pleasure mine, to Raise you up again.  
Farewel Dear Princess: when such Vertue dies,  
It forces Pity from a Rivalls Eyes.  
You for *Quitazo* Die, and in that Deed  
My weaker Love and Merit do Exceed.  
As you my Pity, so my Envy share.  
When Story both our Passions shall Compare,  
Fame on your Love must set the higher Rate,  
As most Deserving, though less Fortunate.

*Lyc.* There, seize the Poisoner. I've too long  
been blind:

Curse on my Innocence, that I could find  
This Cheat no sooner——

*Quit.* Heav'ns! What do I hear?

*Lyc.* The truth; thou art th'Princes Murd'rer.

*Quit.* I Traytor!

*Lyc.* Yes, you Traytor, tell me how  
She of this Close and private Meeting knew?  
How came she here, if not seduc'd by you?

*Quit.* Mistaken Devil; I her Murderer!  
What ever Fate or Planet brought her here,  
I had no Knowledge of her coming.

*Lyc.* No?

You love Life better, than to say you know.  
No common Project could a General lead,  
A Walk so far out of his Army's Head.

[ *Vil.*

*The Villains rush  
from behind the  
Scenes, and dis-  
arme and seize  
Quitazo & Al-  
cinda.*



*Vill.* 'Tis very well, the Plot was wond'rous fine,  
This close dark Place for such a Black Design.

*Lyc.* Curse on false Tears. Inhumane Prisoner, cou'd  
Your barb'rous Hand attempt your Princess Blood?

*Quit.* No, Monster, but would Fate my Sword Resign,  
And free my Arm, I'de make Attempts on thine.

*Lyc.* *Alcinda* in Disguise an Actor too!  
VVhat man would e'r read Murder in that Brow?  
How strangely Providence our Fates Command!  
The VVorlds great Princess Falls by such mean Hands.  
Treason and Guilt o're Vertue gets the Odds,  
And yet we must believe, that there are God's.

*Quit.* Yes, there are Gods, and such as do design  
Vengeance and Tortures for such Crimes as thine.

*Lycun.* See my Commands with care Perform'd, and guard  
This Prisoner to that Dungeon I prepar'd.  
And be his Jaylors with strict Eyes till Night.  
I dare not trust his Person to the Light.  
His Sufferings his Army would Enrage,  
And for his Rescue th' Alarm'd Camp Engage:  
But Night will aid what is unsafe by Day.  
The Princess Body to the King Convey,  
VVith her this Poysoner. From his Breath you shall  
Receive your Sentence, and together fall  
A Bloody Victim at her Funeral.

*Quit.* Hold, Cruel Sir, Revoke that harsh Decree.  
I was the Princess Murderer, not she.  
Let me meet Tortures for my damn'd Offence,  
But spare, Oh spare her injur'd Innocence.

*Lyc.* He owns the Guilt. Who, but a loving fool,  
VVou'd Damn his own to save a womans Soul?

*Alc.* How from that Breath can such strang Words proceed?  
No, Sir, 'tis false, he durst not think that Deed.  
I know his Fancy's free from such ill Theames:  
His thoughts as guiltless as an Infants dreames.  
I know his Heart; for since it lodgeth here,  
It can no Stranger be that dwells so near.

*Quit.* Beleive her not, Fond Woman as she is,  
The poison'd Princess fell my Sacrifice,

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Aim all your Justice and Revenge at me;  
But let her Youth and pity'd Vertue be,  
As from my Guilt, so from my Sentence free.

*Luc.* Fond Lover as you are, to save her head,  
Your Kindness not her Innocence does plead,  
The Acts of Lovers hold together still,  
As Stars are in Conjunction good or ill,

*Quit.* VVhat could her hand? Heaven in her sex ne'r built  
So weak a Frame to lodge such weighty Guilt.  
What Crimes has she to expiate? what stayn?  
Unless her Love to me, to me perfidious Man,  
Who wanted Eyes and Ears to be her Guard  
Against thy Rage.

*Lyc.* Her Death's too long deferr'd.  
Away with them.

*Quit.* Hold.

*i Vill.* Go.

*Quit.* Take her not hence.  
Your black Comission surely may dispence  
This Charity to Martyr'd Innocence,  
T'allow one Minute ere to Death we go.

*Vill.* Aye Sir, As if I had nothing else to do;  
A man of Business and Concern's like mine,  
Should stay to hear two blub'ring Lovers whine.  
Away.

*Quit.* Hold Barb'rous Dogg: When thy damn'd Soul,  
Shall in just Hells Eternal Torments howl,  
In Vengeance may thy greatest Sufferings be,  
To want that Pity thou deny'st to me.

*i Vil.* Are you so Brisk? Hence take her from his sight,  
You and your Bug-bear Hell, you see, can't fright.  
Vengeance, and Hell, and Devils did you say?

*Quit.* Oh! no Sir; grant her but one Minutes stay,  
And I'll Recall that Word: blefs but our Eyes  
With one kind parting Look before she Dyes:  
And when our Souls shall Meet above, we'll pay  
You Back this favour: To the Gods we'll say  
Such kind things of you, speak your praise so high,  
Till all your Murders, Treasons, Villany,

Till all, were they a thousand more, by Heaven  
For this one pious Act shall be forgiven.

1. *Vil.* Well, for so Short a stay I will be wonn :  
Go, fool away a Minute, and have done

*The Villains*  
} *let 'em loose.*

*Quit.* Farewell, most Injur'd of thy Sex, farewell.  
When Shrieks of Screech Owls, or some fiend from Hell }  
Shall to my Eares thy Savage Murder tell :  
Oh the fierce Horrors which must Seize my Soul :  
When all this sweetness Dies, these Soft fires cool,  
These Roses wither, and that charming breath  
Stopt and untun'd by the harsh Hand of Death,  
Shall all delight, all Harmony give ore !  
When those Fair Eyes, take and give light no more ;  
Then, Oh ! then what harsh doom's ordain'd for me :  
Yet in that Plague this comfort I foresee ;  
*Quitazo's* destiny shall follow thine,  
I too shall set that hour you cease to shine.

*Alcin.* To make Death lighter yet, expect to see  
Half of the well-come burden Borne by me.  
When Death takes you, I'll follow my dear Lord ;  
With open Armes I'll rush upon the Sword,  
Though it in Tortures comes, fates power defy ;  
On Constancy and me look Back, and Dy.

*Exit, forced out by Villains.*

*Quit.* Others on Heaven in their Misfortunes call,  
T'ask pardon for their Sins that Cause their fall :  
But when my fortune a just Lover bears,  
The Gods should ask his pardon, not he their's :  
For 'tis a stain to their Eternall State  
To Order such a Beauty such a Fate

[*Exeunt*

*Enter King of China, and Lycungus.*

*King of* } My Daughter poison'd for *Alcinda's* sake !  
*China.* } Could desperare Love this Barbarous progress  
But since, kind Sir, you have disclos'd the fact, (take  
And Seiz'd the Savage Poysoners in the Act ;  
See the Disguis'd *Alcinda* be secur'd ;  
Her destiny shall be a while defer'd ;  
Then Publickly let False *Quitazo* be  
Proclaim'd a Traitor to the State and me.

*And*

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And in his Room to you my worthy Friend  
I the whole Charge of *China's* power Commend.  
When thus Degraded all his fame's expir'd,  
His Sword rebated, and his power retir'd,  
Let him be brought to me; Then for this fact  
These Lovers shall be both together rackt.  
Then, Dear *Orunda*, from thy Heav'n look down,  
And see that Vengeance which attends my frown.

[Exit

*Lyc.* A Sawcy Murmur does my peace molest,  
And Greatness preach to my uneasy breast.

Why am I not already great? my hand  
Bears this, and I an army do Command.

{points to his  
Sword.

True; But we rarely our own greatness Spy,  
When we see greater than our selves Stand by.  
At that damp thought my greatness Hangs her wing  
I am a General, but not a King.

But how are we less than Kings?

Or, Whence can they more Sense of Glory feel?  
There's Brightness in a Crown, but Edge in Steel.

These Can Raise Majesty, Or pluck it down.  
Swords have Securer titles than a Crown.

But though we Souldiers through the World strike Awe,  
We make Obedience, but Kings give it Law.

And all the Trophies of a Conquering Sword  
Do but build Temples, where their Name's ador'd.

Men dread the Voice of Thunder, but admire,  
And Reverence the Gods that lend it fire.

Well, whether an Arm'd hand or a Crown'd Head  
Be best or worst, if my designs succeed,

I will aspire to both; To ease my doubt,  
Wear Sword and Crown, and find the difference out.

'Tis he puts Reason to the Surest Test,  
Who tries, and not disputes, which is the best.

[Exit

The

## The Fifth ACT. Scene the Camp.

*Enter Zungteus attended, Vangona in Disguise.*

*Zungteus.*

What! do I Live to hear, my Father Dead  
By a Gangrene from a Poison'd Arrows head?

*Vang.* Call it not Death, when Monarchs leave mankind,  
But a Translation t'an Immortal Throne:

All of him that was King in you is left behind,  
And all of him that's God, to its proper seat is gon.

*Zung.* In Heaven, great Saint, Oblige thy mourning Son;  
My *Amavanga's* Constellation find,

('Tis easy found, for 'tis the brightest there,)

And Represent to her enlightned mind

The Torment of a Lover in Despair.

Tell her from me, when her you meet above,

That 'tis my Piety Controles my Love.

Thou badst me quit Love's Race to follow Fame,

And, dread Sir, even in Death thy Power the same.

Thee gon, I'll pay my Duty to thy Name.

Revenge by a double Ty directs my hand:

Thy Blood calls louder, now than thy Command.

*Enter Palexus and Quitazo, Quitazo kneels to Zungteus.*

*Palex.* Sir, the Degraded *Chinefs* General

Do's at your Feet an Humble Suppliant fall.

*Zung.* Rise Worthy Sir, you are my Friend: Distress

Do's not make Distance greater, or Worthless.

Your deprest Virtue such strong Bonds has ty'd;

Thou can'st not ask that thing shall be deny'd:

T'oblige desert's, my Study and my Pride.

*Quit.* That God-like Mercy banisheth Despair:

Now I dare speak, when you are pleas'd to hear:

And Pardon'd Sinners make the Boldest Prayer.



I have a Mistress Sir. —

*Zung.* And so had I,

[*aside.*

— 'Till this Curs'd Hand. —

*Quit.* But Fate and Cruelty  
Have so Conspir'd. —

*Zung.* She's injur'd, is she not?

*Quit.* Yes Royal Sir, by one too that has got  
Pow'r to perform, what his Wild Rage decrees.

*Zung.* And you want Arms to right her Injuries?

*Quit.* Your Goodness has with Heav'n this Vertue shar'd,  
To know my Wants before my Prayers are hear'd.

*Zung.* Call all your own, what e'r Love can implore:  
Divide thy Sorrows, and command my Pow'r.

A Nobler Cause cannot my Sword oblige:

Is it a Town or Kingdome you'd besiege?

Say, Sir, Is this fair Sufferer

Immur'd in City-Walls, Tow'rs, Mountains? Speak;

And let my Thunder the Vast Gordian break.

*Quit.* Sir, T'express my Gratitude, take this true  
Description of a Soul, that bows to you.

I was your Enemy, and should be still,

Had I a King to obey, or Foes to kill.

But now you're *China's* Friend; your Sword employ'd  
Against that Power, which has a King destroy'd.

My Princess and Love's Sufferings plead alike:

In their Cause at th'Usurpers Heart I'd strike.

A Mistress and a Sovereign's Cause I'd Right:

Under your Banners, I beg leave to Fight.

The Grant of this Request, Great Sir, will be

As kind in you, as it is just in me.

For though my Sword aims at my Countree's blood,

I make, but th'ill Veins bleed, to save the Good.

*Zung.* Share halfe my Pow'r, take me your Rival too;  
I owe as much of Vengeance there, as you.

Then in Revenge let's try, which shall pay most,

Thou to a King and Love, I to a Fathers Ghost.

Valiant I know you, Just I'm sure you'll prove,

I ne'r doubt Honour, where I meet with Love.

*Fang.* Which way soe'r Fame calls your Conqu'ring sword,  
Let your poor Slave attend his honour'd Lord:

Be near you when you Fight, with greedy Eye  
Grasp your great Conquests, see your Enemies Dy,  
Admire your Arm: and though I can't repay  
This Grace, I can Adore you more than they,  
Who have more Worth to pay the mighty Debr.  
The Poor are as Religious as the Great.

*Zung.* Yes, kind unknown, thou shalt: but whence proceeds  
This Zeal? Is't Love or Envy of my Deeds?  
Thou, like my Genius, haun'st me where I go,  
Admirest my Victories, and shar'st 'em too.  
Kind Boy, there's something in thy forward Zeal,  
Say's thou art more than what thy Looks reveal.  
I must find out from whence these Wonders spring,  
Draw back the Curtain, and Oblige this King. [*Exeunt Van-*  
*gona, making a low Obeysance.*]

SCENE the Second: The PALLACE

A Table and Chaires set out, with Pen, Ink, and  
Paper.

*Enter King of China, and Legozun.*

*King.* *Lycungus* King!  
Ye High Eternal Pow'rs, if you've Deceed,  
My Crown must flourish on a Traytors Head;  
Whil'st true forgotten Majesty lies Dead:  
If such loud Crimes must Rule the World, lay by  
Those sparkling Gems, that do adorne the Sky.  
Govern your Heav'n, as you Earth's Empire sway:  
No Stars adorne your Night, no Sun the Day.  
Spangled with Bloody Comets may the Ay  
All hung with Black, the Garb of Horrour wear.  
Your Heav'n, and you more Night, more Darknes need,  
To be the fit Spectatours of this Deed.

*Leg.* At once your Sword and Scepter he engrost;  
By that unhappy Bounty you are lost. [*Shout within.*]  
They only for his Coronation stay,  
And in these Shouts do their new Homage pay.

*King.* I should not meet my Fate with so much Scorn,  
To see my Crown by an Usurper worn;

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Could I in Glory set, and dy a King.  
But whil'st I hear my Treach'rous Subjects Sing  
A Rebel's Triumphs, and with Joy, Applause,  
And ecchoing Shouts defend a Traytor's Cause.  
The Homage gone, the Name of King retires;  
My Majesty before my Life Expires.

*Leg.* Hence 'tis your Subjects, do so loud appear;  
Some by Reward are led, and some by Fear.  
He by such Arts, do's his great Ends pursue;  
Acts both the Patron, and the Tyrant too.  
Since first he did th'Imperial Title gain,  
Eight Chief *Taymingian* Princes he has Slain.  
He call'd a Councel for some strange pretended Cause,  
Of Sixteen Thousand Students of our Laws.  
Who being met, he to the School set Fire,  
And made 'em on one Funeral Pile Expire.  
And this was all he for that Deed could say,  
Learning should light the World, and so did they.

*King.* This Massacre all Chronicle exceeds.

*Leg.* This is not half of his Inhumane Deeds.  
He, to oblige the Common Multitude,  
Confer's all Honours on Ignoble Blood,

*King.* There, there I'm lost.  
When high Blood floats, and th'advanc'd Rable treads  
On Ruin'd Greatness, and their Nobles Heads:  
Then Usurpation seems Divine;  
And in the Crowds of Profelytes it draws;  
Wants neither Prayers, nor Swords, to aid its Cause.  
Yet there's one Glorious Guard against all ill,  
Will prove you Princes, me a Monarch still.  
We'll shew that we have Souls too Great and Proud,  
To see a Royal Robe a Traitor's Shroud.  
Though this False Rebel has disturb'd our Peace,  
Our Swords shall from his Pow'r our Lives Release.  
Our Souls together in one Trayn shall fly;  
We'll Sally out, and take Eternity.

*Leg.* A Nobler Course you cannot undertake,  
Than in your Death your Sanctuary make.  
Nor can I better speak my Loyalty,  
Than when my King Commands t'obey and dy.

*King.*

*King.* But I in Heav'n, shall small Contentment find,  
If I my Dearest Treasures leave behind;  
My Wives to be the Objects of his Lust.  
No Sex should to a Tyrant's Mercy trust.  
Go then *Legozun*, tell 'em my Design:  
Tell 'em, I begg they in my Fate would joyn:  
But work their Falls, as you would pity mine.  
Speak to 'em gently of their Deaths: express  
None of the Pain, but all the Happiness.  
Talk not of Bleeding in too Harsh a tone:  
Invite 'em to take Wounds, but give 'em none.  
And when you have the Vanquish'd Field possess'd,  
Say 'tis their dying Sovereign's last Request,  
That for his sake, who once that Crown did wear,  
In whose bright Glory they once bore a share,  
That for his sake they'd Die to meet above,  
There to Confirm new Articles of Love. [*Exit Legozun.*]  
I know they're Loyal, and 'tis Just we shou'd,  
Who shar'd in Pleasures, now unite in Blood.

*Enter a second Prince.*

*2 Prince.* Oh Sir, prepare your Ears for such a sound,  
Would make a Fury startle, and Confound  
The fiercest Foe of Heaven; a Doom which Fate,  
Trembles to give, as I must to relate.  
I come to speak things, which I durst not give  
A Name, if I intended to Out-live  
The speaking it.

*King.* What is this wondrous thing?

*2 Prin.* 'Tis, Royal Sir, the Murder of a King,  
*Lycungus* in a Fierce and wanton Rage  
Will in your Murder his own Hand Engage,  
And is already here to see it done.

*King.* Is not deposing of a King alone  
Enough without the Wading in his Blood?  
Men may Renounce Religion, and a God;  
But few so Impious to that Fury swell,  
To Raze those Temples, where they scorn to Kneel.

*2 Prin.* And to appear more Insolent and High,  
He calls his Bloody Treason Charity.

To ease you of your Life after your Power,  
And Cut the Stalk, now he ha's Cropt the Flower.  
At such unknown outrageous Blasphemy  
I'm all Astonishment.

*King.* So am not I.

Where's the surprize? Is Impudence a thing,  
To be admir'd in him that Kills a King?  
Go on, What said he more?

*2 Prin.* All this hee'l do,

If your Fear does not Rob him of the Blow.

*King.* Nay, now I've heard too Loud a Blasphemy.  
Dares he think Fear can make a Monarch Die?  
T'assert my Fame, I'll Live, and shew the Effects  
Of that high Courage his low Soul suspects.  
In Blood he shall my righted Honour read:  
I'll brave those Numbers, which protect his Head.  
Traytor! I'll sell that Life I cannot save,  
And Fighting, Cut my passage to my Grave.  
My Orders therefore instantly Recal,  
And bid my Queens Live to behold my Fall.

*Enter Legozun.*

*Leg.* Hold Sir, This Vain Reprieve will come too late:  
See there the Ruins of your sinking State.

*The Scene opens, and is discovered a Number of Murdred  
Women, some with Daggers in their Breasts, some thrust  
through with Swords, some strangled, and others Poison'd;  
with several other Forms of Death.*

When first your Queens your design'd Death had heard;  
Their Pity in all Garbs of Grief appear'd.  
But when they heard your Summons, how they all  
Invited were t'accompany your Fall;  
A Gust of Courage check't their Female Fears;  
Harden'd their Pity, and Congeal'd their Tears;  
And then they boldly cryed; Though Treason bring  
Thy Fate, and make thee Lesser than a King,  
We'll make thee Greater than a God: We may  
To Common God-heads Common Victims pay.  
We'll offer Greater Sacrifice to thee;  
A Throne and Palace shall thy Altars be:

*And*



And we thy Offerings. Here take a Flood,  
Great Prince, of thy own Dearest Royal Blood.  
Then their own Murder each bold hand performs,  
Embracing Death in all those Various Forms.

*King.* Honour forbids, that we on Earth should stay,  
When thus a Female Trayn has led the way.  
In Death above their Sex they have a Courage shown;  
And shall We be less Manly in our own?  
No, we will dy: but lest a Traytor's Tongue,  
By unjust Stains our Memory may wrong;  
This from a King I'll let him understand  
I scorn'd, nor fear'd to fall by a Traitor's Hand.

*Stabs himself in the Left Arm. Sits down, and writes  
in the Blood.*

In this I'll write the Causes of our Death;  
And to *Zungtus* China's Crown bequeath.  
And that his Arm *Lycungus* may defeat,  
That he may safely Rise into my Seat,  
T'assist him I'll Conjure the Higher Pow'rs,  
And choose the Gods for my Executors,  
To see the true Performance of my Will,  
And by his Arm my Just Revenge fulfill.

*Leg.* Nobly Resolv'd. A Monarch should bestow  
His Empire rather on a Forreign Foe,  
Than on a Traytor. Treason has more Guilt,  
Than all the Blood, that's by Invasion spilt.  
Usurpers basely do a Throne Assail:  
Invaders win the Crowns Usurpers steal.

*King.* This, as my Last Memorial, I will leave,  
Which th'abus'd World may fully undeceive:  
And shew, on what just score these Strokes are given,  
Which thus convey our Enlarg'd Souls to Heaven.  
Which of the Gods soe'r thou art, whose Ears  
Devoted are to Dying Monarch's Prayers,  
Grant in my Second Reign I may Enjoy  
Such secure Peace, as Treason can't destroy.  
And to my Soul such Entertainment shew,  
As may exprest what I have been below.

*They  
all fall  
on their  
Swords.*

[*Dy Omnes.*

*Enter*

*Enter Lycungus attended.*

*Lyc.* By a Voluntary Death my Arm Repell'd!  
 I but pronounc'd the Doom, and my Breath Kill'd.  
 See there the Trophies of a Mighty Name:  
 My Lightning blasted ere my Thunder came.  
 What's here? his Last Memorial writ in Blood!  
 His Empire on the *Tartar* King bestow'd!  
 A Pretty Legacy.

*{ Flings down  
 the Paper.*

King, now you are gone to Heaven; were I as you,  
 I'd be bequeathing Constellations too.  
 No, King, they who of Crowns Possession give,  
 To seal those Deeds, must ask their Tenants leave.

*Atten.* But in their Deaths their Courage they declare.

*Lyc.* So are all Cowards Valiant in Despair.  
 No; *China's* Crown has 'till my Reign been worn  
 By Lazy Kings, with Female Spirits born;  
 Guarded by Eunuch's, bred in Palaces,  
 Nurtur'd in Lusts, the Progeny of Peace:  
 But now's the time, Fate grants the High Command  
 Of this Great Empire to a Martial Hand.  
 And to confirm my Interest with Heaven,  
 The Gods to my Just Cause success have given.  
 Th'Old *Tartar's* Dead, and the Proud Boy shall see,  
 The Father's Fate is the Son's Destiny.

*Enter Three Soldiers, forcing in the Chief Villain Lycungus  
 his Confident.*

*1 Sold.* Sir, I have seiz'd this Villain: From his Hand  
 Releas'd *Quitaxo* has his Freedom gain'd.  
 And for Protection to the *Tartar* fled,  
 Resolves to lead their Army gainst your Head.

*Vil.* All that this Fool would say's, I've took Bribes twice:  
 He bought his Life, and he out-bid your price.  
 For Gold 'twas I betray'd him, and for Gold  
 I have Releas'd him.

*Lyc.* Is the Slave so bold,  
 To Triumph in that Crime his Life must cost?

*Vil.* I scorn my Life, because I know 'tis lost.

*Lyc.* Kill him.

*Vil.* Death I expect, and 'tis my due:  
 Were your Case mine, I so betray'd by you,

I'd cut your Throat for half so much.

I know  
No Fault, but wanting Wit, t'avoid the blow.

*Lyc.* Hence with him, and let out his forfeit Blood.

*Vil.* This comes of Villains, when they'l needs be good.

*Quitazo's* Rescue was the first good Deed

I'er Committed, and Fate has Decreed

It should be th'last. Curse on my Vertue. Well,

Could I my doom this fatal hour Repel,

I'd take more care, and th'angry Fates defy;

For ere being dam'n'd again by Honesty.

[Exit guarded

Enter a Messenger.

*Mess.* A party of some desperate Tartars led  
By Prince *Quitazo* fighting in their Head,  
Advance this way.

*Lyc.* Let him come on. Those Empires happy are,  
Whose Monarchs dare defend the Crowns they wear.

After a sound of Trumpets, Enter *Quitazo* and Tartars.

*Quit.* Now, Monster, to your Tortur'd Soul recall  
Thy proud Ambition, and this Empires fall:  
And with these Thoughts to thy remembrance bring  
My Ravish'd Mistress, and thy Murder'd King.  
Spight of thy Treasons heaven ha's had this care,  
To save me for thy Executioner.

Thou from my hand shalt thus much honour'd be,  
Both to be Kill'd, and to be Damn'd, by me.

*Lyc.* You by your Punishment shall understand,  
Kings are not Conquer'd by so mean a hand.

They fight with *Quitazo's* Party; after a hot dispute, *Quitazo*  
is surrounded and is taken prisoner.

*Lyc.* Pursue the fight, Compleat my Victory:  
*Quitazo's* Veins have Blood enough for me.  
Now I'll Requite your kindness as I ought;  
See the Disguis'd *Alcinda* hither brought.

*Quit.* Though I am by your Numbers Over-borne,  
Yet in your Chains your Pow'r and Pride I scorn.  
Mean Coward, I am by Treachery O'rethrown:  
You gain'd your Conquest, as you did your Crown.

*Lyc.* I never, Sir, receiv'd such Language yet,  
But made that Breath his last that Utter'd it.

*Quit.*

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*Quit.* Rebel, My Courage is not taught so ill,  
But I dare dy as badly as you kill.  
The only fault I in my death can find  
Is, that my Shorten'd Arm leaves thee behind.

*Lyc.* Do not Repine at dying without me.

*Enter Alcinda guarded.*

See there, You shall have better Company.

*Quit.* *Alcinda!*

*Lyc.* Yes, this favour shall be given,  
To introduce you, wheu you dy, to Heaven.  
I'll be so kind to let her Soul mount first:  
With your drawn Swords let her Soft breast be pierc'd;  
Then——

*Quit.* Savage Infidel, can you believe,  
That there are Gods, and such a sentence give?

*Lyc.* I will find out a Nobler Death for thee.  
Thou with thy Mistress Blood shalt poison'd be.  
When you *Alcinda's* Sentence have dispatch'd,  
Of her hot Blood let a full draught be Catch'd;  
Then let that Bloody drench (mixt with the worst  
Of Poysons) down this Traytor's Throat be forc'd.  
Then whil'st the Poyson's Tortures do begin,  
And on his burning Entralls feed within,  
His flesh without from his rack'd body tear,  
And every wound with burning Irons Sear.

*Quit.* Search all the Registers of Hell, and find  
Ten thousand tortures more, and Crueller:  
And Let them all be for my Death design'd.  
Spare but her life, and let my blood save her.

*Lyc.* Fond fool, to Save her life in vain you strive.  
Your Treason Murders her.

*Quit.* Let her but Live;  
I'll call you kind, I'll call you any thing;  
My Friend, my Patron, nay, and more, my King.

*Lyc.* No more, she Dyes.

*Quit.* How can I expiate  
This Crime, that with my own pull down thy fate?

*Alc.* No, should you Dye without me, you would force  
Our long-united Souls to a divorce.  
When you, my Happiness, on Earth are gone,  
I would be a Punishment to Live alone:

Ac-

Accept my Thanks, great Sir, that you've Decreed  
*Alcinda* shall with her *Quitazo* Bleed:  
 Make haste then, and be Courteous in the Deed.  
 Since your Eyes only the rough wounds have seen  
 Of fighting men in Wars and Battels slain,  
 My softer Veins may better please your Eye:  
 A Virgins Blood will be a Novelty.

*Lic.* Make hast, the Execution moves too slow.

*Quit.* May Heaven Revenge what I want Arms to do:  
 And when just Fate thy Murder shall decree,  
 May'st thou meet Executioners like Thee.

*Lyc.* Make hast, shew your Allegiance by your Speed.

*Quit.* Must I then tamely see my Mistress Bleed? [*Gets loose  
 from the Guards, but is seiz'd again.*]

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Sir, Your scatter'd Forces fly.  
 A Party by *Quitazo's* friendship made,  
 Have to the *Tartar*, *Pequin's* Gates betray'd:  
 And great *Zungteus* such Success has found,  
 That he wants nothing now but being Crown'd.

*Lyc.* And had *Quitazo* in this deed a part?  
 Thus I'll Revenge my Wrongs upon thy heart.  
 Thus Traytor—— *Enter Zungteus and Soldiers.*

*Zung.* Traytor, thy own Life defend,  
 'Tis here my Conquests and thy Crimes I'll end.  
 What Object's this? shall I the Glory have,  
 That in thy Death I shall *Quitazo* save?  
 Thy Vengeance aim'd too at a womans heart!  
 Thou, whose Vile hand dares Act so mean a part,  
 Usurper, know thou hast as little Claim,  
 T'a Souldier's, as thou hast to a Monarch's name.

*Lyc.* My sinking Throne shall be this day rebuilt,  
 When by my hand I have Chastis'd thy Guilt.  
 And though my Royalty ha's weakly stood:  
 I will new Scarlets wear dy'd in thy blood.

*They fight, and Lycungus is Kill'd. After several shouts,  
 and Lycungus Party being beat off, the Soldiers Cry,  
 Long live Zungteus Emperour of China.*

*Zung.* Now I am great indeed: 'tis more Renown;  
 To save a Friend, than 'tis to win a Crown.



*Quit.* Above my Thanks, for my own safety due,  
*Zungtus* has the Gods his Debtors too.

The greatest Ornament which Heaven ere gave  
 The World, with mine, this Ladies Life you save.

*Zung.* My Arm in War more Nobly could not shine.  
 But that hand sav'd his Mistriss, murder'd mine.

[*Aside.*

But I forget: Honour's my Province, say,  
 How goes the work of this Triumphant day?

*Pal.* All your Opposers hopes but weakly stood,  
 And now are drown'd in their lost Leaders blood.  
 Joy's only active now: all Arms layd down,  
 You're absolutely Lord of *China's* Crown.

*Zung.* Enough: so Father, now thou art Obey'd.  
 I've signaliz'd my Hand, and Crown'd my Head.  
 I have done all Glory calls Great or Good:  
 Perform'd thy Funeral Obsequies in Blood.  
 And now I've all that Greatness, Victory,  
 And Crowns can give me: Love, I'm fit for thee.  
 I Fought, Obey'd, and Conquer'd, and surviv'd  
 My Mistriss Murder: and 'twas just I liv'd;  
 For to have Dyed great Saint less than a King,  
 Had been to Thee too mean an Offering.  
 But all Love's wants my Victories compleat:  
 Thus perfect made, look down from thy bright Sear,  
 And see a Love ripe for thy Altars grown,  
 Who for thy Love resigns both Life and Crown.

[*Offers to*

*stab himself, is slain by Vangona.*

*Vang.* Hold your fierce Hand, and your fond Rage lay by;

*Zung.* Intruding Boy.

*Vang.* No Monarch, Sir, must dy,  
 When I can buy his Life.

*Quit.* Great Sir, forbear.

*Vang.* Look, Royal Sir, see your Life's Ransom there.

*Enter Amavanga.*

*Zung.* Ha! has some God turn'd Thief, and stole that Face?  
 If such you are, and are come here to grace  
 A Lover's Funeral; You can't Converse  
 With Mankind in a brighter Form than hers.  
 No, 'tis her self; no Image I embrace:  
 There are no Copies of so fair a Face.

My

My *Amavanga*! ———

*Amav.* Yes, ———

She whom your hand amongst the Stars had plac'd;  
Had not th'High Powers thought Heaven would be disgrac'd  
By a Guest so mean; then as my Juster due,  
They chang'd my Doom, and let me live for you.

*Zung.* To see your Life Restor'd — Oh! let me know,  
To what God you this Resurrection ow.

*Am.* T'a God that smil'd on Love. When by your Hand I:  
My Soul Possession kept, though my Sense fled. (bled,  
My Wounds by care, and your kind Influence cur'd,  
I am to Life, to Health, to Love restor'd.

*Zung.* My Ravish'd Sense 'twixt Wonder and Delight  
Feels too impetuous Joys, and Rays too bright.

*Am.* Now Modestly, I may proclaim my Pride,  
To say, I have your Love and Honour try'd:  
And without blushing own their Conquering Pow'rs:  
Accept a Heart by Fate and Justice your's.

*Zung.* Nor shall our Loves be Fortunate alone:  
Be yours blest too, yours is the *Tartar* Crown. [To Quit.  
Your Milder Presence will auspicious be,  
And Civilize my Rougher *Tartary*.

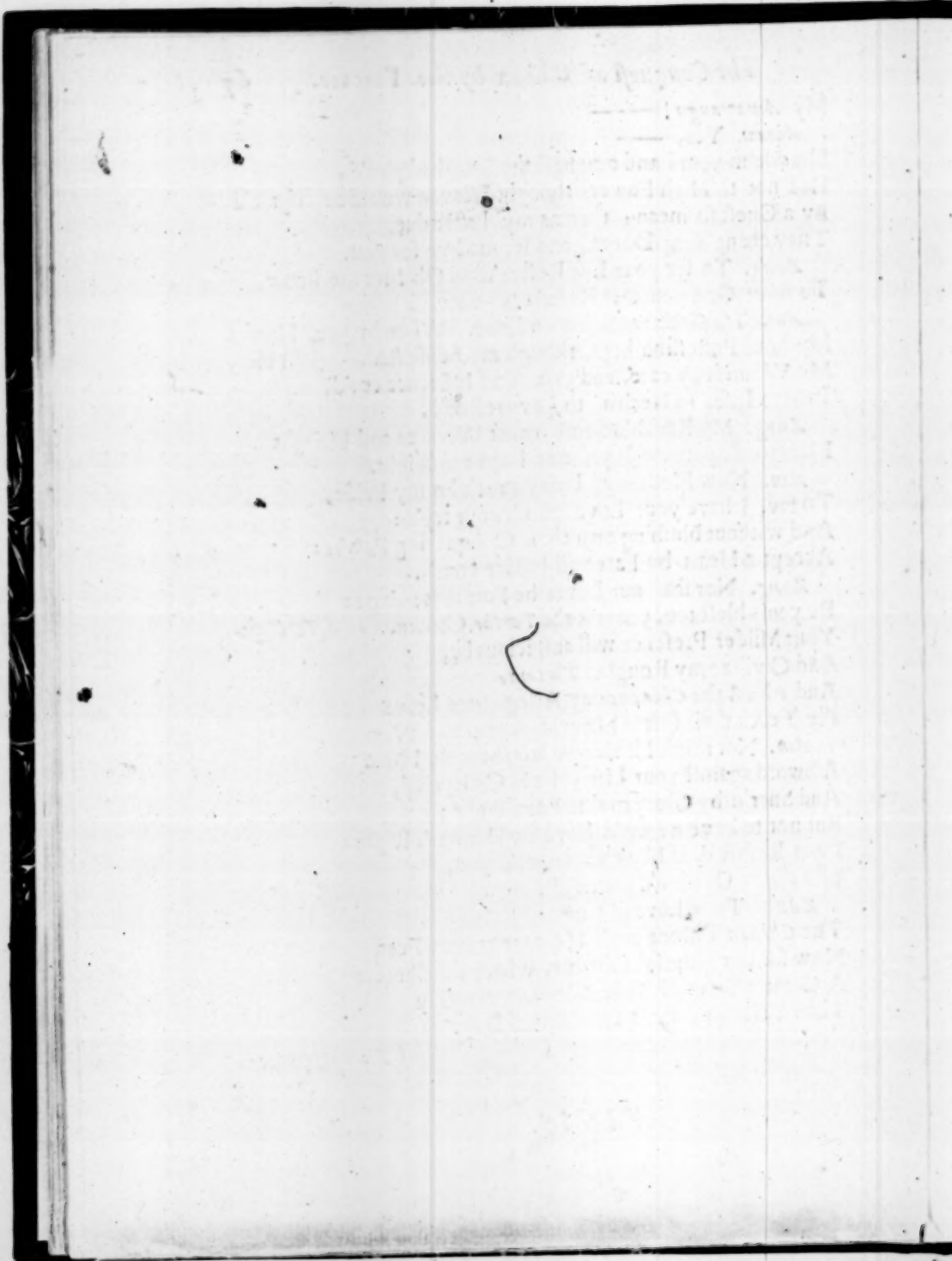
And whil'st the *Chinans* pay Allegiance here:  
I'll Teach their softer Natures Arms and War.

*Am.* Nor think I lov'd you less, because I held  
A Sword against your Life; I was Compell'd,  
And Snar'd by Glory to that Fatal Fight:  
But not to have wrong'd Love by Honour's Right:  
I was Resolv'd, if I had Conquer'd you,  
Not t'have Out-liv'd your Fall.

*Zung.* To a Love so true  
The *Chinan* Throne pay's Homage at your Feet.  
Now for our Nuptial Charms, where I shall meet  
A Greater Scene of Bliss, Glories more Gay  
Than Triumph, and a Coronation Day.

(*Exeunt Omnes.*)

FINIS.



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